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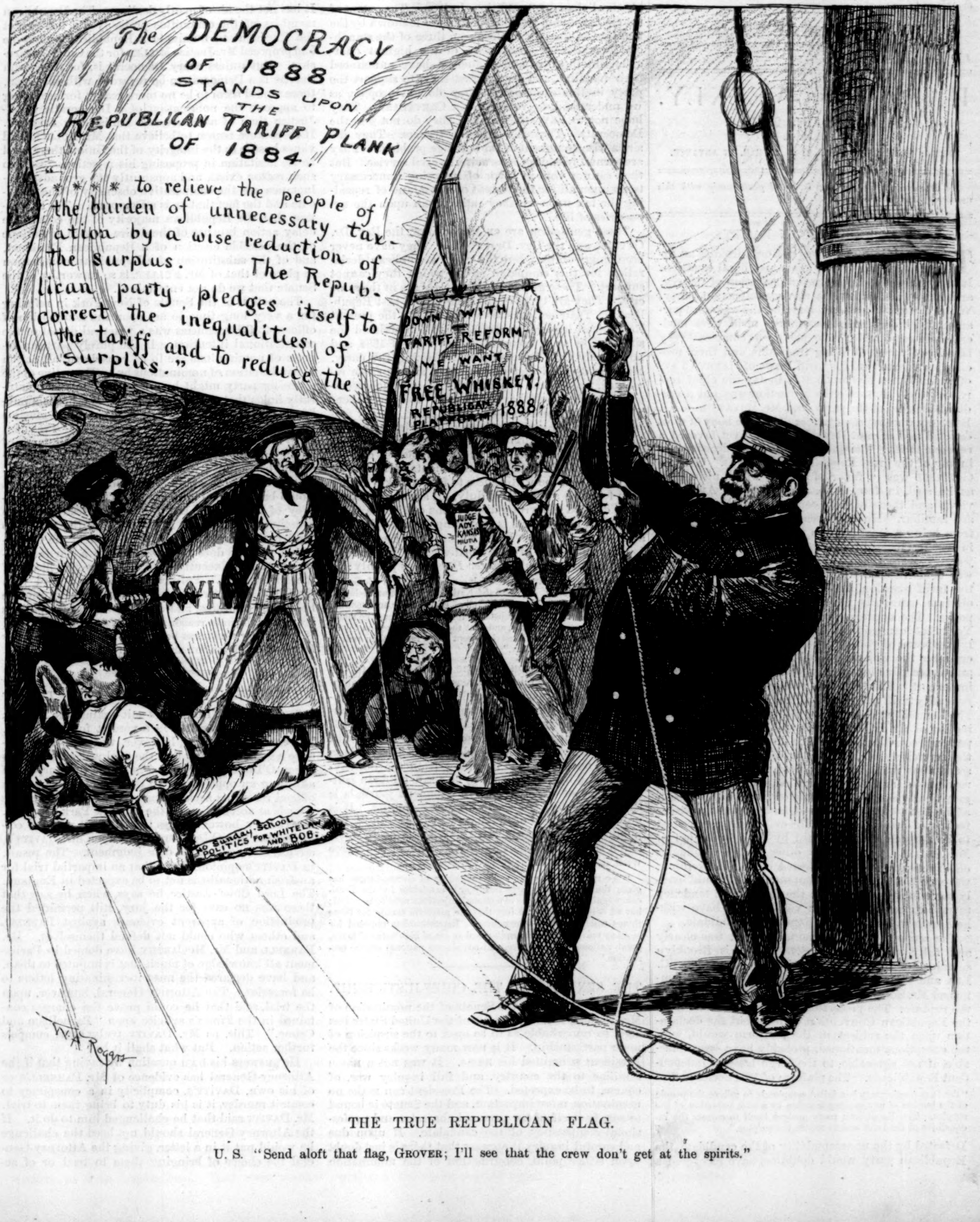
The DEMOCRACY OF 1888 STANDS UPON THE REPUBLICAN TARIFF PLANK OF 1884.
"* * * to relieve the people of the burden of unnecessary taxation by a wise reduction of the surplus. The Republican party pledges itself to correct the inequalities of the tariff and to reduce the surplus."
DOWN WITH TARIFF REFORM— WE WANT FREE WHISKEY. REPUBLICAN PLATFORM 1888.
JUDGE ADV. KANSAS MILITIA 63.
WHISKEY
NO Sunday-School POLITICS FOR WHITELAW AND BOB.
W. A. Rogers

THE TRUE REPUBLICAN FLAG.

U. S. "Send aloft that flag, GROVER; I'll see that the crew don't get at the spirits."

"A delightful little magazine that brings joy and gladness to the household fifty-two times a year."—*Chistian Advocate, New Orleans.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly for Boys and Girls.

Number 455 of Harper's Young People, *published Tuesday, July 17th, opens with a full front-page illustration of a scene in the coal regions of Pennsylvania, drawn by* W. A. Rogers. *It is accompanied by a capital story, descriptive of certain phases of the almost unknown child life of that district, written by* John R. Coryell.

"*Buster Bill,*" *a story of the far West, begun in Number* 454, *is brought to a dramatic and highly interesting conclusion.*

Mrs. Lillie's *serial,* "*The Household of Glen Holly,*" *reaches a crisis in this number, the outcome of which will be anxiously awaited.*

A full-page illustration of Indian children is followed by the first of a series of four articles entitled "*Camp Life among the Seminoles,*" *by* Kirk Munroe.

"*Vacation Earnings*" *is a short article full of practical hints as to what can be done by bright boys and girls during the long summer months.*

There is an unusual amount of fun and hearty laughter in this number in the shape of comic illustrations and humorous anecdotes; and taken altogether, it is a most charming exposition of juvenile thought and fancy.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, July 21, 1888.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An Illustrated Supplement *is issued gratuitously with this number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

THE Republican party was not organized as an extreme tariff party, nor upon any fiscal question. It sprang from the all-absorbing question of slavery, and it was distinctively a slavery-restriction party. While the questions of slavery and the war were paramount, its declarations upon the tariff were moderate and reasonable. The party was composed very largely of voters of Whig traditions, and their proclivities were toward the tariff views of Henry Clay, of which Hugh McCulloch is to-day the chief representative. But extreme protection was not a cardinal doctrine of the party, and Mr. Bryant and Mr. Beecher were representatives of a large body of most devoted and earnest Republicans who yet favored a revenue tariff. The question was not a decisive one in any of the great Republican campaigns. General Garfield was in favor of a tariff which ultimated, as he said, in free-trade, and President Arthur's views and those of his Secretaries of the Treasury are familiar. How far removed was the question from being a chief issue in the elections was shown in 1880 by General Hancock's remarks upon the subject. Toward the close of that campaign an effort was made in certain districts to give prominence to the tariff question, but it was not general, and the election cannot be said to have turned upon that point. The scratchers or independents in the New York State campaign of the previous year were largely composed of young Republicans who became voters after the war, and to whom the new questions, and especially the tariff, were very interesting and important. This class of young Republicans were generally tariff reformers, and not high protectionists. The Republican defection of 1884 was due to the nomination of Mr. Blaine, and it was based largely upon personal considerations. The discontent evinced by the scratching of 1879, and which sprang from unscrupulous machine dominance, the Whiskey Ring revelations, and the general situation, which was graphically described by Senator Hoar in his speech at the Belknap impeachment, had produced a strong feeling of dissatisfaction. The evil tendencies seemed to be attested and confirmed by the nomination of Mr. Blaine; yet had any other of the candidates chiefly mentioned been selected by the Convention, the open bolt and independent movement would hardly have followed, although the Republican tendency toward extreme protection views might have withheld some votes from any Republican candidate.

The scope of the movement, however, was clearly and fully stated by Mr. Schurz in his Brooklyn speech, and the warm adhesion of Mr. Henry C. Lea and others who are strong protectionists, confirmed Mr. Schurz's statement of the active cause of the rupture. The protection sentiment was strong in the Republican Convention of 1884, but the declaration upon the subject in the platform would, with the exceptions mentioned, probably have been tolerable, if not agreeable, to the large body of independent Republicans. The plaform of 1884 declared that

> "the Democratic party has failed completely to relieve the people of the burden of unnecessary taxation by a wise reduction of the surplus. The Republican party pledges itself to correct the inequalities of the tariff and to reduce the surplus."

Defeated by the unacceptability of the candidate, the Republican party would doubtless have recovered a large part of the vote which was withheld in 1884 had its general course during the Democratic administration and the declaration of its Convention been such as to show that the influences and tendencies which had defeated it had disappeared. That this would be done was the earnest hope of many Republicans who had reluctantly supported its action in 1884. They hoped at least, if they did not expect, a declaration for tariff revision to reduce unjust taxes and to diminish the surplus, and the promise of a spirit and policy in regard to the suffrage which would be acceptable. But the Republican Convention of this year showed how baseless were such hopes, and how far the party had drifted from what was known as old Republicanism both in policy and in spirit. The fundamental Republican principle of equal rights is replaced by a policy of taxation, not for revenue, but for the benefit of a few privileged interests, and this is made the paramount issue of the campaign. Those who under the circumstances of 1884 would have supported at that time any other probable Republican candidate than Mr. Blaine are confronted with a radical change of conditions in 1888. The extent of the change and of the disappointment is shown by the fact that in the city of Brooklyn three of the stanchest Republicans — gentlemen of the highest character, intelligence, and influence—have announced their inability, and for the first time, to support the party in this campaign. They do not propose, as we understand, to vote for Mr. Cleveland. They hope not to leave the party. They do not join the Democrats. They are not free-traders. They desire a wise treatment of the suffrage problem. They are earnest friends of reform in the civil service. But they cannot vote in favor of imposing unnecessary taxes upon all for the benefit of a few, and of repealing the tax upon whiskey rather than upon the necessaries of life.

These gentlemen are ex-Mayor Low, the Rev. Dr. Cuyler, and the Rev. Dr. Storrs. They have never been mugwumps. But the chief Republican declaration for this campaign is one which they cannot support. These gentlemen are neighbors in the same city. They are types of the highest and best Republicans. Their action shows how totally the present Republican leadership has failed to comprehend the situation so as to recover the lost vote of 1884, and how surely that leadership is destroying the party. Had the original Republican spirit and purpose remained, neither the rupture of 1884 nor such secessions in 1888 would have occurred. But the present plutocratic tendency of the party, the contempt and ridicule heaped upon the plea of conscience in politics, the subordination of every question to that of unnecessary taxation for the maintenance of protection, which is made the fundamental principle of the party, and the willingness to free whiskey rather than to touch a protective duty, all show how much more decided the wrong dispositions of 1884 have become, and how radical is the change in the spirit and aims of the party. Even so strong a Republican journal (a leader of the Northwestern Republican press) as the St. Paul *Pioneer-Press* says plainly:

> "The Republican party in 1884 felt compelled to favor a judicious revision of the tariff. In 1888 the National Convention, rising to its feet as one man, with a united yell of enthusiastic acclamation, applauds the declaration in substance that the tariff must be maintained unchangeable as it is, and that the internal taxes on tobacco, alcohol, and whiskey must be swept away rather than reduce any protective duty one iota."

The Providence *Journal*, one of the leaders of the New England Republican press, sustains the Democratic platform upon the tariff issue. Gibes at Sunday-school politicians and supersensitive conscientiousness, such as the *Tribune* throws at Mr. Low, will not convert nor injure him nor those who agree with him, but they show the decadence of a party whose glory it once was that it sprang from the Sunday-school, and held conscience to be a safe guide in politics. One of the ablest of independent journals is the Springfield *Republican*, in Massachusetts. It is published in a part of the State which is strongly Republican. It supports Mr. Cleveland, as in 1884, and a strong sentiment among its readers will agree with it when it says:

> "We rejoice that a curious combination of circumstances has given the Republican party this year a candidate for the Presidency against whom no grave personal objections need to be urged; but we deeply deplore the fact that the platform stands for those things which the best Massachusetts Republicanism opposed for so many years, and which tend toward an era of high national taxes, great national extravagance, and scandalous national official corruption."

THE SENATE AND THE CHIEF-JUSTICESHIP.

THE treatment by the Senate of the nomination of Mr. Fuller as Chief-Justice of the United States has been so remarkable as to be open to the suspicion of mere partisanship. It is now many weeks since the President submitted his name. It was not a name familiar to the country, and full inquiry was, of course, to be expected. The President can make no nomination more important, and the Senate is bound to satisfy itself of the personal character and professional competency of the candidate. If upon due and careful inquiry it appears that there is just doubt upon either point, confirmation of the nomination may be properly refused. Apparently the committee to which the question was referred received some information tending to show disqualification, and indeed invited all possible information in regard to the candidate. It is understood that all allegations were investigated closely, and that no satisfactory evidence of disqualification was presented. Ample opportunity has been offered to any one who could produce testimony of any kind, and sufficient time has been devoted to the inquiry. The result is announced to be a report of the name of Mr. Fuller to the Senate without recommendation of action. This is unfriendly, because if, after thorough research, and perhaps it must be added desire and expectation, no disqualification could be found, it might be fairly assumed that none exists.

If the committee be of opinion that Mr. Fuller ought not to be confirmed, it should certainly say so. But if it cannot honestly say so, a report without recommendation seems to indicate a disposition which is

> "Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike."

It has not the air of manly dealing. The Republican members of the committee probably did not expect the President to nominate a Republican, unless he had proposed Mr. Justice Miller for the Chief-Justiceship. But unless every Democrat is, for the reason that he is a Democrat, to be regarded with suspicion, there would seem to be no more reason for hesitating to approve the nomination of a Democratic Chief-Justice than of a Democratic Minister to England. If there were reason to believe that Mr. Fuller held views hostile to the integrity of the Union, there need be no hesitation in proposing his rejection. But no such reason exists, and apparently the grounds of reluctance are the comparative obscurity of the candidate and the fact that he is a Democrat. The suggestion that the Republican majority of the committee delay action because of the desire to take advantage of the possible election of a Republican President, and of the substitution of a Republican nomination in place of that of Mr. Fuller, is so unworthy of the Senate that we do not entertain it.

The action of the Senate of New York in refusing for a very long time to act upon the nomination of officers to fill vacancies was a practical defeat of the constitutional intention. If the purely partisan aspects of nominations are to be considered, all action in confirmation of nominations by an Executive of the opposing party might be refused. One party naturally holds that the ascendency of the other is a public misfortune to be mitigated in every practicable way. A Senate politically opposed to the President or to a Governor might hold that the continuance of an incumbent of its own party until his successor should be qualified would be preferable to the confirmation of a successor of wrong politics. The result would be an official term as long as that of the ascendency of the party. But this is manifestly not the constitutional intent. In authorizing the Senate to confirm the nominations of the President the Constitution plainly does not contemplate a partisan coercion of the Executive, but to secure fit officers of the government. Political opinion in accord with the Chief Executive elected by the people cannot be held to be unfitness, and consequently such opinions are not legitimate reasons for refusing confirmation. If no proper unfitness be found, it would seem only fair that confirmation should be recommended.

MR. PARNELL AND THE LONDON "TIMES."

THE trial of O'Donnell's suit against the London *Times* for libel resulted in a verdict for the *Times*. The course of the trial, however, was such as to produce a general feeling that the trial was collusive between O'Donnell and the *Times*, for the purpose of affording an opportunity to the journal to put upon official record its accusations of Mr. Parnell and his friends as accomplices of the Phœnix Park assassins. Mr. Davitt, however, says that the suit was not collusive, but that O'Donnell acted upon his, Davitt's, advice, and against his own judgment. The result, in Davitt's opinion, shows that an impartial trial for an Irish nationalist is not to be expected in England. The Lord Chief-Justice, he says, when he saw that there was no case for the jury, still permitted the production of apparent evidence against Parnell and others who could not defend themselves. Mr. Parnell and Mr. McCarthy have denied in Parliament all knowledge of much that is imputed to them, and have declared the most incriminating letters to be forgeries. The Attorney-General, however, upon the trial, said that he could prove the charges contained in the *Times's* articles upon "Parnellism and Crime." This, as Mr. Davitt truly says, compels further action. But what shall it be?

He answers his own question by saying that if the Attorney-General has evidence of Mr. Parnell's or of his own, Davitt's, complicity in a conspiracy to commit murder, it is his duty to bring them to trial. Mr. Davitt said that he challenged him to do it. If the Attorney-General should not heed the challenge he would put it in a letter, giving the Attorney-General the choice of bringing them to trial or of acknowledging that he had no proof. If the Government did not arraign them it would be because it knew that the allegations were merely the weapons of moral assassination. This is a very strong way of putting it. Whatever Mr. Parnell may choose to do, the duty of the Attorney-General is obvious. If, as he says, he can prove the charges, he is bound to do it. The friends of Mr. Parnell insist that he shall rest upon his denial, and not bring suit against the *Times*, because it is now more than ever evident that he could not expect justice from an English court. He may yield to this advice, as he did when the charges were made. But the duty of the Attorney-General is plain. Having, as he says, proof sufficient to establish the charges, he must proceed and establish them, or his assertion will be justly held to be wicked and wanton calumny.

Meanwhile, upon the suggestion of Mr. Gladstone, Sir Wilfrid Lawson has asked if the Government would inquire into the charges against Mr. Parnell, and Mr. Parnell himself stated that he was about to ask the same question. Mr. W. H. Smith replied that the House was not the proper tribunal to conduct such inquiries, and that the courts of law were always open for that purpose. Mr. Parnell replied that he should move for a committee, and ask an early day for debate upon the motion. Should this fail, he may challenge the Government to prosecute him upon the ground that its law officer has declared that he has adequate proof to establish the charges. Under the circumstances, the Government could hardly decline the challenge without implying doubt of the sufficiency of the evidence. The result of such a trial, as the *Herald* correspondent, "A Member of Parliament," says, would be fatal to one side or the other. The exposure of the fact that the *Times* has been deceived in important particulars would be an incalculable advantage to Mr. Parnell's cause. It would show at once that his chief and most powerful opponent in the press deliberately blackened his character, and alleged him to be the accomplice of assassins, without truth, without proof, without excuse, and merely from political hatred. It would be a most serious blow at the prestige of the *Times*, and cover with profound doubt and suspicion all its future accusations of public men. The correspondent thinks that such a result would go far toward the restoration of Mr. Gladstone to power. If Mr. Parnell should decide not to challenge a prosecution upon evidence which the law officer of the government declares to be conclusive, we hope that his reasons will be fully made known.

THE AQUEDUCT INVESTIGATION.

The revelations freely made by the witnesses before the Senate committee of investigation into the affairs of the new aqueduct for the city of New York are extraordinary and in the highest degree disgraceful. They show the way in which a public work of great importance and cost is turned by mere party politics into an enormous job and public wrong. The testimony of Mr. Hamilton Fish, Jun., especially, one of the Aqueduct Commissioners, describes in detail the steps by which a great public work has been prostituted to political scheming. The dangers of this kind in the conduct of such a work were plainly foreseen, and an attempt was made to avoid them by providing a superintendence as free from political and partisan influence as practicable. The Mayor and the chief financial officer of the city, with the head of the Department of Public Works, together with three citizens representing the people and the taxpayers, composed the Commission. So far as possible the enterprise was thus released from party politics, and it was a situation which promised well for the public interest. But Mr. Fish says that upon consultation with General Husted he drew a bill changing the Commission, not in the interest of the people, not to secure a better or more economical structure, not for any legitimate object whatever, but solely, if we judge correctly the reports of his testimony in the daily papers, to benefit the Republican party in Putnam and Westchester counties by means of patronage.

To the Republican members of the Legislature he made his appeal, not upon any grounds of public benefit, but solely because of the supposed advantage to the party. The bill added three Commissioners to those already provided, and by an amendment unanimously supported by the Republican members of the Assembly struck off the Mayor and Comptroller from the Board, but leaving Squire, the notorious Commissioner of Public Works. The chairman of the Democratic State Committee was one of the chief contractors upon the work, and he was willing to have the Secretary of the Commission removed, while the Democratic leader of the Assembly had a brother who would be glad to be made Secretary, and an agent of the Democratic Governor wished to be confirmed in an important office by the Republican Senate. Here was the basis for a "deal" between the parties at the expense of the people of the State. Mr. Fish represents himself as a personally active intermediary in these negotiations. They were successful. The bill was passed, and Mr. Fish was appointed to one of the new Commissionerships. It is in evidence that when the Governor signed the bill he had seen the pledge of Squire to Maurice B. Flynn that the latter should practically control Squire's official action. The letter containing the pledge was happily made public. The Governor, who had begun to secure his share of the patronage opened by the deal, was compelled to remove Squire, in whose place Mayor Grace appointed General Newton, which fortunately destroyed the "deal" majority in the Board. Before the removal of Squire the Governor is shown by the evidence as reported to have induced the Commission to award a contract which was far above the lowest bid, and the testimony shows that the money thus secured was used to pay off his own notes during the campaign.

So far as can be gathered from the reports of the evidence, here was a vast scheme of public plunder, concocted by politicians of both parties. Of this scheme the public was the victim. Corrupt contracts and costly and useless work were the results. Representatives of the party whose organs sneer at Sunday-school politicians and supersensitive conscientiousness are exposed as mercenary plotters. Republican leaders are found in a deal with the Democratic Governor and Democratic leaders. A great and costly work is prostituted by wretched intrigue to promote the personal advantage of a few politicians. It is a sorry tale, and the testimony, unless disproved, must destroy all chances of future political preferment for any of the persons concerned. If in face of this uncontradicted testimony the Democratic party in New York should renominate Governor Hill, the nomination would richly deserve defeat.

AN ACT OF JUSTICE.

An act of justice which may be fairly expected from the War Department is that of placing either upon the Indian Territory or some Western reservation the Chiricahua Apache Indians, who since April, 1887, have been confined as prisoners of war at Mount Vernon barracks, Alabama. The conduct of the government toward them has been at least questionable. Some of these Indians came to Washington in the summer of 1886, and the promise of a safe return to their reservation was violated. There are but eighty-two men prisoners. In 1883 their former acts of hostility to the government were condoned by authority of the War and Interior Departments. Since then they have been friendly to the government, and have rendered effective service against hostile members of their own tribe. Those who had not been engaged in hostilities at the time of their imprisonment at Fort Marion, and who have been deprived of liberty, land, and property, are surely entitled to restitution.

The plan which the Secretary of War is understood to be contemplating seems to be just and effective. It includes land in severalty upon some suitable location in place of their own lands in Arizona, and compensation for houses and property which have been taken from them. Of course they can have no opportunity of self-support during imprisonment, and there is no prospect for them there in the future but demoralizing idleness. The claim of those whose known offences have been condoned, and who have been honorably faithful, is one of simple justice. In the case of those who have been hostile since 1883 it is an act of grace. But there is no reason to suppose that it would not result as favorably in the case of these Apaches as in that of the Sioux and Modocs, who are now peaceable, industrious, and friendly. These Chiricahuas were taken from their homes, and are now imprisoned without offence upon their part; and upon a clear perception of this fact the Secretary of War will unquestionably see that justice is done. These Indians are now in danger of becoming mere vagabonds—a fate from which they would be saved by settlement upon lands in severalty, with all the incitements to industry and ambition which would naturally follow.

The policy of a just and humane treatment it is not necessary to argue. The main object of our Indian policy should be to convince the Indians of our desire of justice, and to prove our good faith. Undoubtedly the long story of our dealings with them has made this persuasion extremely difficult. We have taught them to regard us with suspicion, and to feel that we are not friends. But the spirit of the War Department under its present head is of another kind. Secretary Endicott is a man wholly independent of the influences which have so often controlled the action of his Department to the deep injury of the national name, and Secretary Vilas, as we understand, shows the same sincere and honorable desire to co-operate with the friends of the Indians in promoting their welfare through civilization. The number of the Chiricahuas is not large; but the wrong is not measured by the number of its victims. Care and caution are indispensable undoubtedly, but promptitude in enforcing the decision is not less essential to the welfare of the Indians in question as well as to the national good name.

AN INTERESTING DINNER.

A very interesting meeting was recently held in Boston. It was a dinner of the veteran Free-soilers, the antislavery men from whose action sprang the Republican party. Mr. Whittier, who did not feel able to sit at table, was in an adjoining room. But Mr. Samuel E. Sewall, who is eighty-six years old, made a little speech. Edward L. Pierce, Sumner's biographer and friend, presided, and made an admirable and valuable statement of the circumstances under which the Conscience Whigs, at a time when "supersensitive conscientiousness" was the salvation of American politics and of liberty, united with Free-soil Democrats at the Worcester Convention, and began the great political movement which resulted in the establishment of the Union as a national bond of freedom.

As Mr. Pierce truly said, "The survivors of the Free-soil party of Massachusetts meet at this hour to mourn no lost cause, but to commemorate a movement at once glorious and triumphant." The surviving veterans of that day are not many. All but one of the speakers at the Worcester Convention are gone. Judge Rockwood Hoar, whose father, Samuel Hoar, was the President of the Convention, and the elder brother of the Senator, is the only survivor. The political relations of the veterans are also changed. Mr. Frank W. Bird, one of the sturdiest Free-soil pioneers, is now a Democrat. Mr. Henry L. Pierce and Colonel T. W. Higginson are both independents, while Judge Hoar is the sturdiest of Republicans, only opposing his party when it nominated Butler, and Mr. John L. Swift is still one of the most stirring of Republican orators.

Judge Hoar and Henry L. Pierce, with some others, were necessarily absent from the dinner, but Mr. Bird and Colonel Higginson and Mr. Swift all spoke with eloquence and deep feeling, proud of the common recollection of their part in the great movement. Colonel Higginson pointed out the rapidity with which the names of eminent leaders in such movements fade from memory, and that a name, or but a few names, stand as representative of decisive epochs. He was disposed to think that Sumner's name would remain as the beacon of the Free-soil movement in our politics. The Free-soil organization is not to be confounded with the Liberty party. The latter, as Mr. Pierce stated, cast 7000 votes in 1840 and 62,000 in 1844, and at both elections for James G. Birney. The national Free-soil platform was laid at Buffalo in 1848. Its chief framer was Mr. Chase, aided by Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts, and Benjamin F. Butler, of New York. The Democratic element of the party was large, and its candidates were Van Buren and Adams, who polled 291,000 votes. In 1852 the Barnburner Democratic contingent returned to the Democratic party, reducing the national vote to 156,000, and in 1853 the Republican party was organized. The genesis of parties is a very interesting study for younger voters, and the Free-soil dinner in Boston made a valuable contribution to it.

PERSONAL.

Dr. A. Y. P. Garnett, who left the United States navy at the outbreak of the war to become Surgeon-General of the Confederate army, was upon last week's death roll. He was the personal physician of Jeff Davis after the fall of Richmond, and the Confederate chief has often declared that but for the devotion and skill of Dr. Garnett he would not have survived the Richmond evacuation. Recently Dr. Garnett was elected President of the American Medical Association.

—John Wanamaker, the rich Philadelphian who paid $100,000 for Munkacsy's painting of "Christ before Pilate," has now bought that artist's other famous picture, "Christ on Calvary."

—New York's colored Methodists have been holding an annual Conference in Albany. Bishop Turner presided, and caused something of a commotion by demanding of Thomas Taggart, of the Sullivan Street Church, New York, a candidate for admission to the ministry: "Can you sing? I insist on all candidates being able to sing. A preacher who cannot sing is of no account. He is not in favor with God." Candidate Taggart proved that he could sing, and he is now an accepted shepherd.

—Harvey Ockley, who died at a ripe old age at Hampton, Connecticut, the other day, was proud of the fact that he had never ridden on a railway car or steam-boat.

—James Whitcomb Riley is not only an enthusiastic Republican, but he is accused of having already written a dozen campaign songs since the nomination of General Harrison, his long-time personal friend.

—Washington is proud of the fact that not one Congressman smokes cigarettes.

—The United States is not the only home of the railroad millionnaire. Australia has one citizen—J. G. Turnbull—who has made $50,000,000 out of railway construction.

—One bit of campaign gossip afloat insists that Mrs. Benjamin Harrison makes the best claret punches that ever quenched thirst in Indiana.

—Perhaps the youngest college president in the world is the Rev. Warren A. Candler, who at the age of thirty-two has just been put at the head of Emory College in Georgia.

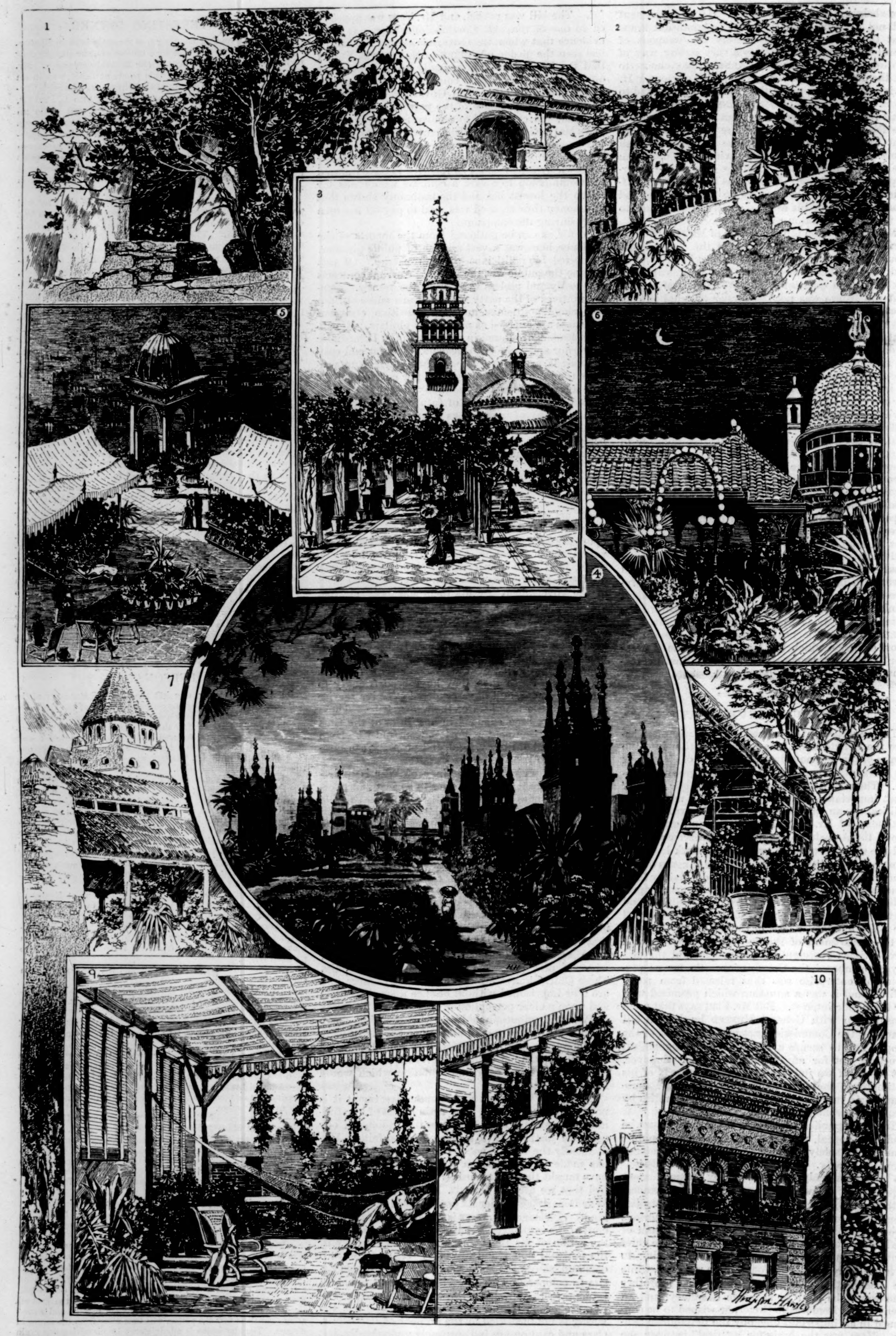
—Admiral Luce, in a public speech, has called attention to the pleasing fact that temperance principles rule in the American navy now as never before.

—A tournament of bicycle riders takes place at Hartford in September, at which $2500 in prizes will be awarded. Devotees of this sport say that it is becoming more popular every year.

—Some strange gifts reach the White House. Mrs. Cleveland on the Fourth of July received two sixty-pound watermelons from Reuben Jones, of Baker County, Georgia, while on the same day Dr. Frost, of Rolla, Missouri, forwarded two live red foxes to the President.

—Josiah Bartlett, whose statue has just been dedicated at Amesbury in honor of the part he took in issuing the Declaration of Independence, was the introducer of quinine as a medicine into this country.

—The Russian physician and publicist Portugaloff declares that strychnine in subcutaneous injections is an immediate and infallible remedy for drunkenness. The craving of the inebriate for drink is changed into positive aversion in a day, and after a treatment of eight or ten days the patient may be discharged. Even should the appetite return months afterward, the first attempt to resume drinking will produce such painful and nauseating sensations that the person will turn away from the liquor in disgust. The strychnine is administered by dissolving one grain in two hundred drops of water, and injecting five drops of the solution every twenty-four hours. Dr. Portugaloff recommends the establishment of inebriate dispensaries in connection with police stations.



EXAMPLES OF ROOF GARDENING APPLICABLE TO CITY BUILDINGS.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.—[SEE PAGE 531.]

1, 2. From Sketches in Tangier, Morocco. 3. Garden on Roof of Ponce de Leon Hotel, St. Augustine, Florida. 4. Garden on Roof of the Alcazar, St. Augustine, Florida. 5. Design for Roof of large Apartment-House. 6. Portion of the Roof of the Casino at 39th Street, New York. 7, 8. From Sketches in Spain. 9. Roof of a House on West 74th Street, New York. 10. Roof of a House on West 76th Street. New York.

COLONEL QUARITCH, V.C.*

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

Author of "She," "King Solomon's Mines," "Allan Quatermain," etc.

CHAPTER V.

THE SQUIRE EXPLAINS THE POSITION.

"I don't know what is coming to this country, I really don't; and that's a fact," said the Squire to his companion, after they had walked some paces in silence. "Here is this farm, the Moat Farm. It fetched twenty-five shillings an acre when I was a young man, and eight years ago it used to fetch thirty-five. Now I have reduced it and reduced it to fifteen, just in order to keep the tenant. And what is the end of it? Janter—he's the tenant—gave notice last Michaelmas; but that stupid owl, George, said it was all nothing, and that he would continue at fifteen shillings when the time came. And now to-night he comes to me with a face as long as a yard-arm, and says that Janter won't keep it at any price, and that he does not know where he is to find another tenant, not he. It's quite heart-breaking, that's what it is. Three hundred acres of good, sound, food-producing land, and no tenant for it at fifteen shillings an acre. What am I to do?"

"Can't you take it in hand and farm it yourself?" asked Harold.

"How can I take it in hand? I have one farm of a hundred and fifty acres in hand as it is. Do you know what it would cost to take over that farm?" and he stopped in his walk and struck his stick into the ground. "Ten pounds an acre, every farthing of it—and say a thousand for the covenants—about four thousand pounds in all. Now where am I to get four thousand pounds to speculate with in that way, for it is a speculation, and one which I am too old to look after myself, even if I had the knowledge. Well, there you are, and now I'll say good-night, sir. Its getting chilly, and I have felt my chest for the last year or two— By-the-way, I suppose I shall see you to-morrow at this tennis party of Ida's. It's all very well for Ida to go in for her tennis parties, but how can I think of such things with all this worry on my hands? Well, good-night, Colonel Quaritch, good-night," and he turned and walked away through the moonlight.

Harold Quaritch watched him go, and then stalked off home, reflecting, not without sadness, upon the drama which was opening up before him, that most common of dramas in these days of depression, the break up of an ancient family through causes beyond control. It required far less acumen and knowledge of the world than he possessed to make it clear to him that the old race of De la Molle was on its last legs. This story of farms thrown up and money not forthcoming pointed its own moral, and a sad one it was. Even Ida's almost childish excitement about the legend of the buried treasure showed him how present to her mind must be the necessity of money; and he fell to thinking how pleasant it would be to be able to play the part of the fairy prince and step in with untold wealth between her and the ruin which threatened her family. How well that old Squire would become a great station, fitted as he was by nature, descent, and tradition to play the solid part of an English gentleman of the good old-fashioned kind! It was pitiful to think of a man of his stamp, forced by the vile exigencies of a narrow purse, to scheme and fight against the advancing tide of destitution. And Ida, too—Ida, who was equipped with every attribute that can make wealth and power what they should be—a frame to show off her worth and state. Well, it was the way of the world, and he could not mend it; but it was with a bitter sense of the unfitness of things that he, with some little difficulty—for he was not yet fully accustomed to its twists and turns—found his way past the swelling heap of Dead Man's Mount and round the house to his own front door.

He entered the house, and having told Mrs. Jobson that she could go to bed, sat down to smoke and think. Harold Quaritch was, like many solitary men, a great smoker, and never did he feel the need of the consolation of tobacco more than he did this night. A few months ago, when he had retired from the army, he found himself in a great dilemma. There he was, a hale, active man of three-and-forty, of busy habits and regular mind, suddenly thrown upon the world without occupation. What was he to do with himself? While he was asking himself this question and waiting blankly for an answer which did not come, his aunt, old Mrs. Massey, departed this life, leaving him heir to what she possessed—it might be three hundred a year in all. This, added to his pension and the little that he owned independently, put him beyond the necessity of seeking further employment. So he had made up his mind to come to reside at Molehill, and live the quiet, somewhat aimless life of a small country gentleman. His reading, for he was a great reader, especially of scientific works, would, he thought, keep him employed, seeing that in addition to reading he was a thorough sportsman, and an ardent, though owing to the

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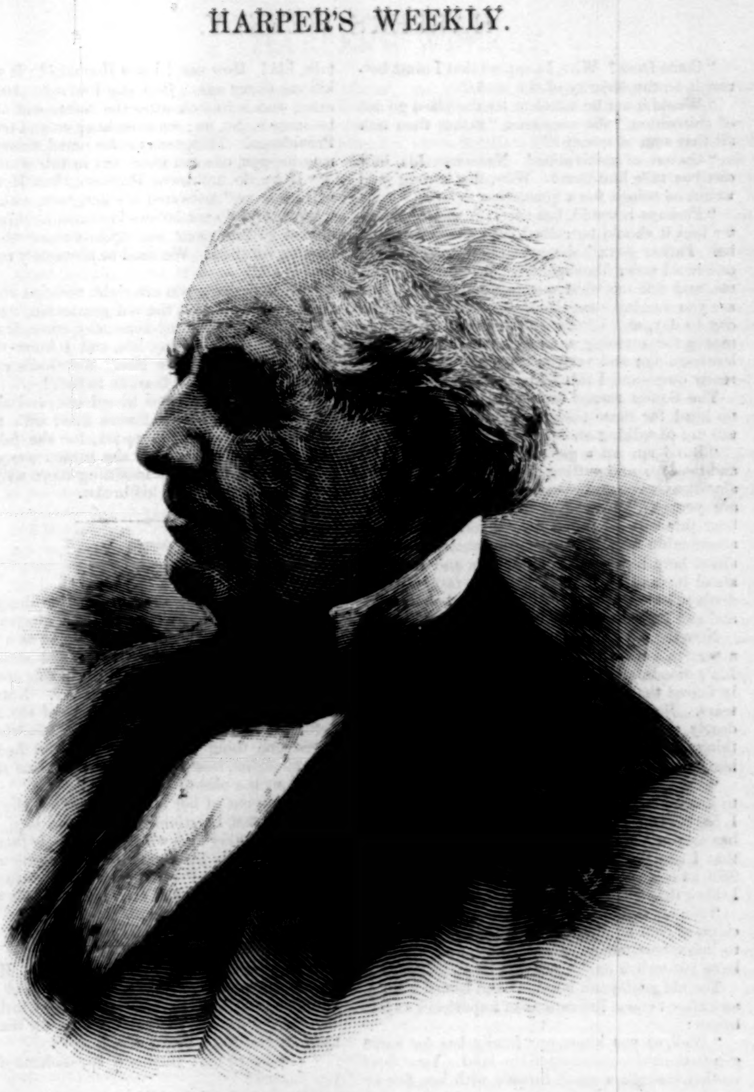
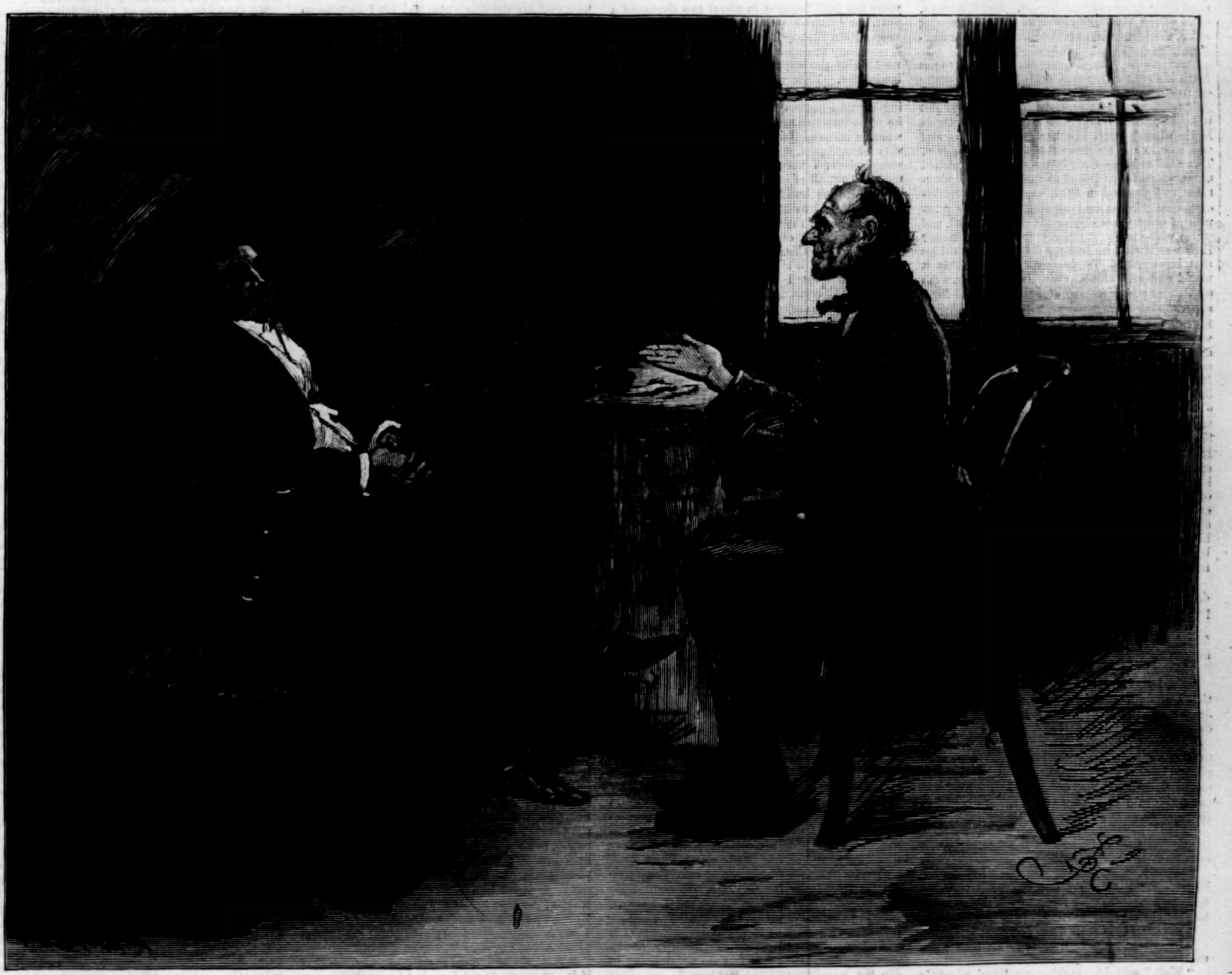
* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1646.



THE LATE HIRAM SIBLEY OF ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.—[See Page 531.]



"JANTER IS A WARMINT, AND MAJOR BOSTON, BEGGING HIS PARDON FOR THE LANGUAGE, IS AN ASS, SIR."

smallness of his means necessarily not a very extensive, collector of curiosities, and more particularly of coins.

At first, after he had come to his decision, a feeling of infinite rest and satisfaction had taken possession of him. The struggle of life was over for him. No longer would he be obliged to think and contrive and toil, henceforth his life would slope gently down toward the inevitable end. Trouble lay in the past, now rest and rest alone awaited him, rest that would gradually grow deeper and deeper as the swift years rolled by him, till it was swallowed up in that almighty peace to which, being a simple and religious man, he had looked forward from childhood as the end and object of his life.

Foolish man and vain imagining! Here, while we draw breath, there is no rest. We must go on continually, on from strength to strength, or weakness to weakness; we must always be troubled about this or that, and must ever have this to desire and that to regret. It is an inevitable law within whose attraction all must fall; yes, even the purest souls, cradled in their hope of heaven; and the most swinish, wallowing in the mud of their gratified desires.

And so our hero had already begun to find out. Here, before he had been forty-eight hours in Honham, a fresh cause of troubling had arisen. He had seen Ida De la Molle again, and after an interval of between five and six years had found her face yet more charming than he had before. In short, he had fallen in love with it, and being a sensible man, he did not conceal this fact from himself. Indeed, the truth was that he had been in love with her for all these years, though he had never looked at the matter in that light. At the least the pyre had been gathered and laid, and did but require the touch of the match to burn up merrily enough. And now this was supplied, and at the first glance of Ida's eyes the magic flame began to hiss and crackle, and he knew that nothing short of a convulsion or a deluge would put it out.

Men of the stamp of Harold Quaritch generally pass through three stages with reference to the other sex. They begin in their youth by making a goddess of one of them, and finding out their mistake. Then for many years they look upon woman as the essence and incarnation of evil, and a thing no more to be trusted than a jaguar. Ultimately, however, this folly wears itself out, probably in proportion as the old affection fades and dies away, and is replaced by contempt and regret that so much should have been wasted on that which was so little worth. Then it is that the danger comes, for then a man puts forth his second venture, puts it forth with fear and trembling, and with no great hope of seeing a golden Argosy sailing into port. And if it sinks, or is driven back by adverse winds and frowning skies, then there is an end of his legitimate dealings with such frail merchandise.

And now he, Harold Quaritch, was about to put forth his second venture, not of his own desire or free-will, indeed, but because his reason and judgment were overmastered. In short, to put it briefly, he had fallen in love with Ida De la Molle when he first saw her five years ago, and was now in the process of discovering the fact. There he sat in his chair in the old half-furnished room, which he proposed to turn into his dining-room, and groaned in spirit over this portentous discovery. What had become of his fair prospect of quiet years sloping gently downward, and warm with the sweet drowsy light of afternoon? How was it that he had not known those things that belonged to his peace? And probably it would end in nothing. Was it likely that such a splendid young woman as Ida would care for a superannuated army officer, with nothing beyond four or five hundred a year and a Victoria Cross, which he never wore, to recommend him? Probably if she married at all she would try to marry some one who would assist to retrieve the fallen fortunes of her family, which it was absolutely beyond his power to do. Altogether the outlook did not please him, as he sat there far into the watches of the night and sucked at his empty pipe. So little did it please him, indeed, that when at last he rose to find his way to bed up the old oak staircase, the only imposing thing in Molehill, he had almost made up his mind to give up the idea of living at Honham at all, to sell the place and emigrate to Vancouver's Island or New Zealand, and thus place an impassable barrier between himself and that sweet, strong face, which somehow seemed to have acquired a touch of sternness since last he had looked upon it.

Ah, wise resolutions of the quiet night, whither do you go in the garish light of day? To heaven, perhaps, with the mist wreaths and the dew-drops.

When the Squire got back to the castle he found his daughter still sitting up in the drawing-room.

"What! not gone to bed, Ida?" he said.

"No, father. I was going, and then I thought that I would wait to hear what all this was about Janter and the Moat Farm. It is best to get it over."

"Yes, yes, my dear—yes, but there is not much to tell you. Janter has thrown up the farm, after all, and George says that there is not another tenant to be had for love or money. He tried one man, who said that he would not have it at five shillings an acre, as prices are."

"That is bad enough in all conscience," said Ida, pushing at the fire-irons with her foot. "What is to be done?"

"What is to be done?" answered her father, irritably. "How can I tell you what is to be done? I suppose that I must take the place in hand, and that is all."

"Yes; but that costs money, does it not?"

"Of course it does; it costs about four thousand pounds."

"Well," said Ida, looking up, "and where is all that sum to come from? We have not got four thousand pounds in the world."

"Come from? Why, I suppose that I must borrow it on the security of the land."

"Would it not be better to let the place go out of cultivation," she answered, "rather than risk all that sum of money?"

"Go out of cultivation! Nonsense, Ida, how can you talk like that? Why, that strong land would be ruined for a generation to come."

"Perhaps it would, but surely it would be better that it should be ruined than that we should be. Father dear," she said, appealingly, laying one hand upon his shoulder, "do be frank with me, and tell me what our position really is. I see you wearing yourself out about business from day to day, and I know that there is never any money for anything, scarcely enough to keep the house going; and yet you never tell me what we really owe—and I think I have a right to know."

The Squire turned impatiently. "Girls have no head for these things," he said, "so what is the use of talking about it?"

"But I am not a girl; I am a woman of six-and-twenty; and putting other things aside, I am almost as much interested in your affairs as you are yourself," with determination. "I cannot bear this sort of thing any longer. I see that abominable man, Mr. Quest, continually hovering about here like a bird of ill-omen, and I cannot stand it; and I tell you what it is, father, if you don't tell me the whole truth at once I shall cry," and she looked as if she meant it.

Now the old Squire was no more impervious to a woman's tears than any other man, and of all Ida's moods, and they were many, he most greatly feared that rare one which took the form of tears. Besides, he loved his only daughter more dearly than anything in the world except one thing, Honham Castle, and could not bear to give her pain.

"Very well," he said, "of course, if you wish to know about these things you have a right to. I have wished to spare you trouble, that is all; but as you are so very imperious, the best thing that I can do is to let you have your own way. Still, as it is rather late, if you have no objection, I think that I had better put it off till to-morrow."

"No, no, father. By to-morrow you will have changed your mind. Let us have it now. I want to know how much we really owe, and what we have got to live on."

The old gentleman hummed and hawed a little, and after various indications of impatience at last began:

"Well, as you know, our family has for some generations depended upon the land. Your dear mother brought a small fortune with her, five or six thousand pounds, but that was, with the sanction of her trustees, expended upon improvements to the farms and to this house. Well, for many years the land brought in about two thousand a year, but somehow we always found it difficult to keep within that income. For instance, I found it necessary to repair the gateway, and you have no idea of the expense in which those repairs landed me. Then your poor brother James cost a lot of money, and always would have the shooting kept up in such an extravagant way. Then he went into the army, and Heaven only knows what he cost me there. Your poor brother was very extravagant, my dear, and—well, perhaps I was foolish; I never could say him no. And that was not all of it, for when the poor boy died he left fifteen hundred pounds of debt behind him, and I had to find the money, if it was only for the honor of the family. Of course you know that we cut the entail when he came of age. Well, and then these dreadful times have come upon the top of it all, and, upon my word, at the present moment I don't know which way to turn," and he paused and drummed his finger uneasily upon a book.

"Yes, father, but you have not told me yet what it is that we owe."

"Well, it is difficult to answer that all in a minute; perhaps twenty-five thousand on mortgage, and a few floating debts."

"And what is the place worth?"

"It used to be worth between fifty and sixty thousand pounds. It is impossible to say what it would fetch now. Land is practically a drug in the market. But things will come round, my dear. It is only a question of holding on."

"Then if you borrow a fresh sum in order to take up this farm, you will owe about thirty thousand pounds, and if you have to pay five per cent., as I suppose you do, you will have to pay fifteen hundred a year in interest. Now, father, you said that in the good times the land brought in two thousand a year, so, of course, it can't bring in so much now. Therefore, by the time that you have paid the interest, there will be nothing, or less than nothing, left for us to live on."

Her father winced at this cruel and convincing logic.

"No, no," he said, "it is not so bad as that. You jump to conclusions, but really, if you do not mind, I am very tired, and should like to go to bed."

"Father, what is the good of trying to shirk the thing just because it is disagreeable?" she asked, earnestly. "Do you suppose that it is more pleasant to me to talk about it than it is for you? I know that you are not to blame about it. I know that poor dear James was very thoughtless and extravagant, and that the times are crushing. But to go on like this is only to go to ruin. It would be better for us to go to live in a cottage on a couple of hundred a year than to try to keep our heads above water here, which we cannot do. Sooner or later these people, Quest, or whoever they are, will want their money back, and then, if they cannot have it, they will sell the place over our heads. I believe that man Quest wants to get it himself—that is what I believe—and set up as a country gentleman. Father, I know it is a dreadful thing to say, but we ought to leave Honham."

"Leave Honham!" said the old gentleman, jumping up in his agitation; "what nonsense you talk, Ida! How can I leave Honham? It would kill me at my age. How can I do it? And, besides, who is to look after the farms and all the business? No, no; we must hang on and trust to Providence. Things may come round, something may happen, one can never tell in this world."

"If we do not leave Honham, then Honham will leave us," answered his daughter, with conviction. "I do not believe in chances. Chances always go the wrong way against those who are looking for them. We shall be absolutely ruined, that is all."

"Well, perhaps you are right, perhaps you are right, my dear," said the old gentleman, wearily. "I only hope that my time may come first. I have lived here all my life, and I know that I could not live anywhere else. But God's will be done. And now, my dear, go to bed."

She leaned down and kissed him, and as she did so saw that his eyes were filled with tears. Not trusting herself to speak, for she felt for him too deeply to do so, she turned away and went, leaving the old man sitting there with his gray head bowed upon his breast.

CHAPTER VI.

LAWYER QUEST.

THE day following the conversation described in the last chapter was one of those glorious autumn mornings which sometimes come as a faint compensation for the utter vileness and bitter disappointment of the season which in this country we dignify by the name of summer. Notwithstanding his vigils and melancholy of the night before, the Squire was up early, and Ida, who between one thing and another had not had the best of nights, heard his loud cheery voice shouting about the place for "George."

Looking out of her bedroom window, she soon perceived that functionary himself—a long, lean, powerful-looking man with a melancholy face and a twinkle in his little gray eyes—hanging about the front steps. Presently her father emerged in a brilliant but ancient dressing-gown, his white locks waving on the breeze.

"Here, George, where are you, George?"

"Here I be, sir."

"Ah, yes; then why don't you say so? Here I have been shouting myself hoarse for you."

"Yes, Squire," replied the imperturbable George; "I have been standing here for the last ten minutes, and I heard you."

"You heard me! then why the dickens didn't you answer?"

"Because I didn't think that you wanted me, sir. I saw that you hadn't finished your letter."

"Well, then, you ought to. You know very well that my chest is weak, and yet I have to go holloaing all over the place after you. Now look here, have you got that fat pony of yours here?"

"Yes, Squire, the pony is here; and if it is fat, it isn't for the want of movement."

"Very well then; take this letter," and he handed him an epistle sealed with a tremendous seal—"take this letter to Mr. Quest at Boisingham, and wait for an answer. And look here, see you are about the place at eleven o'clock, for I expect Mr. Quest to see me about the Moat Farm."

"Yes, sir."

"I suppose that you have heard nothing more from Janter, have you?"

"No, Squire, nothing. He means to get the place at his own price or chuck it."

"And what is his price?"

"Five shillings an acre. You see, sir, it's this way. That army gent, Major Boston, as is agent for all the college lands down the valley, he be a poor weak fool, and when all these tenants come to him and say that they must either have the land at five shillings an acre or go, he gets scared, he dew, and down goes the rent of some of the best meadow-land in the country from thirty-five shillings to five. Of course it don't signify to him not a halfpenny; the college must pay him his salary all the same, and he don't know no more about farming, nor land, nor northing, than my old mare minder. Well, and what comes of it? Of course every tenant on the place hears that those college lands are going for five shillings an acre, and they prick up their ears and say they must have their land at the same figger, and it's all owing to that Boston varmint, who ought to be kicked through every hole on the place and then drowned to dead in a dike."

"Yes, you're right there, George; that silly man is a public enemy, and ought to be treated as such; but the times are very bad, with corn down to twenty-nine, very bad."

"I'm not saying that they ain't bad, Squire." said his retainer, his long face lighting up; "they are bad, cruel bad, bad for everybody. And I'm not denying that they are bad for the tenants, but if they are bad for the tenants they are wus for the landlord. It all comes on his shoulders in the long-run. If men find that they can get land at five shillings an acre that's worth twenty, why, it isn't in human nature to pay twenty, and if they find the landlord must go as they drive him, of course they'll lay on the whip. Why, bless you, sir, when a tenant comes and says that he is very sorry, but he finds he can't pay his rent, in nine cases out of ten, if you could just look at that man's bank-book, you'd find that the bank was paid, the tradesmen were paid, the doctor's paid, everybody's paid before he thinks about his rent. Let the landlord suffer, because he can't help himself; but Lord bless us, if a hundred pounds was overdue to the bank it would have the innards out him in no time, and he knows it. Now, as for that varmint, Janter, to tell me that he can't pay fifteen shillings an acre for the Moat Farm is nonsense. I only wish I had the capital to take it at the price."

"Well, George," said the Squire, "I think that if it can be managed I shall borrow the money and take the farm on hand. I am not going to let Janter have it at five shillings an acre."

"Ah, sir, that's the best way. Bad as times are, it will go hard if I can't make the interest and the rent out of it too. Besides, squire, if you give way about this farm, all the others will come down on you. I'm not saying a word agin your tenants, but where there's money to be made you can't trust no man."

"Well, well," said the Squire, "perhaps you are right and perhaps you ain't. Right or wrong, you always talk like Solomon in all his glory. Anyway, be off with that note, and let me have the answer as soon as you get back. Mind you don't go loafing and jawing about down in Boisingham, because I want my answer."

"So he means to borrow the money if he can get it," said Ida to herself as she sat, an invisible auditor, doing her hair by the open window. "George can do more with him in five minutes than I can in a week, and I know that he hates Janter. I believe Janter threw up the farm because of his quarrelling with George. Well, I suppose that we must take our chance."

Meanwhile George had mounted his cart and departed upon the road to Boisingham, urging his fat pony along as though he meant to be there in twenty minutes. But so soon as he was well out of reach of the Squire's shouts and sight of the castle gates, he deliberately turned up a by-lane and jogged along for a mile or more to a farm where he had a long confabulation with a man about thatching some ricks. Thence he quietly made his way to his own little place, where he proceeded to comfortably get his breakfast, remarking to his wife that he was of opinion that there was no hurry about the Squire's letter, as "laryers" wasn't in the habit of coming to office at eight in the morning.

Breakfast over, the philosophic George quietly got into his cart, the fat pony having been tied up outside, and leisurely drove into the picturesque old town which lay at the head of the valley. All along the main street he met many acquaintances, and with each he found it necessary to stop and have a talk, indeed with two he had a modest half-pint. At length, however, his labor o'er, he arrived at Mr. Quest's office, which, as all the Boisingham world knows, is just opposite the church, of which Mr. Quest is one of the church-wardens, and which was but two years ago beautifully restored, mainly owing to his efforts and generous contributions. Driving up to the small and quiet-looking doorway of a very unpretentious building, George descended and knocked, whereon a clerk opened the door, and in answer to his inquiries informed him that he believed Mr. Quest had just come over to the office.

In another minute he was shown into an inner room of the ordinary country-office stamp, and there at the table sat Mr. Quest himself.

Mr. Quest was a man of about forty years of age, rather under than over, with a pale ascetic cast of face, and a quiet and pleasant, though somewhat reserved, manner. His features were in no way remarkable, with the exception of his eyes, which seemed to have been set in his head owing to some curious error of nature. For whereas his general tone was dark, his hair in particular being jet-black, these eyes were gray, and jarred extraordinarily upon their companion features. For the rest, he was a man of some presence, and with the manners of a gentleman.

"Well, George," he said, "what is it that brings you to Boisingham? A letter from the Squire? Thank you. Take a seat, will you, while I look through it. Umph! wants me to come and see him at eleven o'clock. I am very sorry, but I can't manage that anyway. Ah, I see! about the Moat Farm. Janter told me that he was going to throw it up, and I advised him to do nothing of the sort; but he is a dissatisfied sort of a fellow, Janter is, and Major Boston has upset the whole country-side by his very ill-advised action about the college lands."

"Janter is a warmint, and Major Boston, begging his pardon for the language, is an ass, sir. Anyway, there it is—Janter has thrown up, and where I am to find a tenant between now and Michaelmas I don't know; in fact, with the college lands going at five shillings an acre, there ain't no chance."

"Then what does the Squire propose to do—take the land in hand?"

"Yes, sir, that's it; and that's what he wants to see you about."

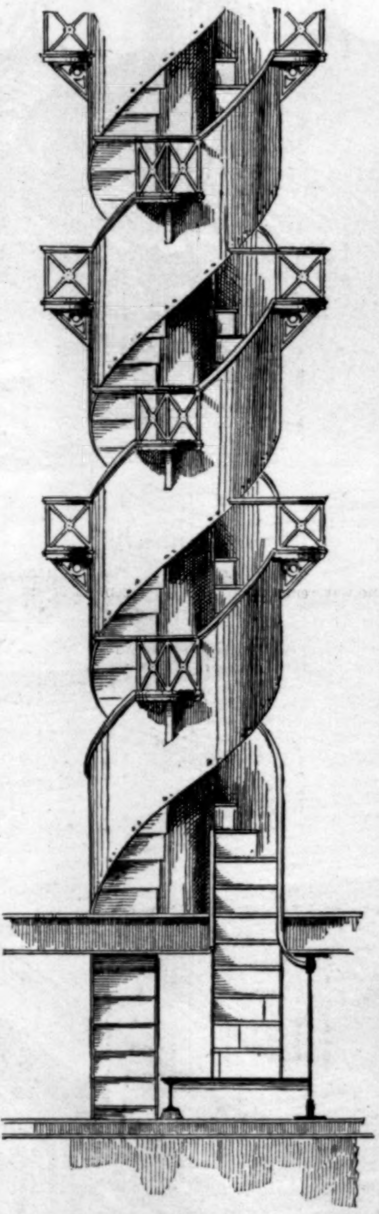
"More money, I suppose?" said Mr. Quest.

"Well, yes, sir. You see there will be the covenants to meet—and then the farm is three hundred acres, and to stock it proper means nine pounds an acre quite on this here heavy land."

"Yes, yes, I know—a matter of four thousand, more or less—but where is it to come from?—that's the question. Cosseys' do not like land now any more than other banks do. However, I'll see my principal about it. But, George, I can't possibly get up to the castle at eleven. I have got a church-wardens' meeting at a quarter to, about that west pinnacle, you know. It is in a most dangerous condition; and by-the-way, before you go, I should like to have your opinion, as a practical man, as to the best way to deal with it. To rebuild it would cost one hundred and twenty pounds, and that is more than we see our way to at present, though I can promise fifty if they can scrape up the rest. But about the Squire. I think that the best thing I can do will be to come up to the castle to lunch, and then I can talk over matters with him. Stay; I will just write him a note. By-the-way, you would like a glass of wine, wouldn't you, George? Nonsense, man, here it is in the cupboard. A glass of wine is a good friend to have handy sometimes."

George, who, like most men of his stamp, could put away his share of liquor and feel thankful for it, drank his glass of wine while Mr. Quest was engaged in writing his note, wondering meanwhile what made the lawyer so civil to him; for George did not like Mr. Quest; indeed, it would not be too much to say that he hated him. But this was a feeling that he never allowed to appear; he was too much afraid of the man for that, and in his own way too much devoted to the old Squire's interests to run the ~~risk of~~ imperilling them by the exhibition of any aversion to Mr. Quest. He knew more of his master's affairs than anybody living, unless it was, perhaps, Mr. Quest himself, and was aware that the lawyer held the old gentleman in a bondage that could not be broken. Now George was a man with many faults. He was somewhat sly, and perhaps, within certain lines, at times capable of giving the word honesty a liberal interpretation. But he had one conspicuous virtue: he loved the old Squire as a Highlandman loves his chief, and would almost, if not quite, have died to serve him. Indeed, as it was, his billet was no easy one, for Mr. De la Molle's temper was none of the best at times, and when things went wrong, as they pretty frequently did, he was exceedingly apt to visit his wrath on the head of the devoted George, saying things to him which he should not have said. But his retainer took it all in the day's work, and never bore malice, continuing in his own pig-headed sort of way to labor early and late to prop up his master's broken fortunes. Indeed, had it not been for George's contrivings and procrastinations, Honham Castle and its owner would have parted company long before.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE NEW STAIRWAY FOR THE STATUE OF LIBERTY.

Up to the present time the many visitors to Bedlow's Island who have desired to ascend the interior of the famous Statue of Liberty have been obliged to make the journey by means of a temporary wooden stairway that was originally erected inside the colossal figure at Paris, and brought from there with the statue to this country. To take the place of this wooden staircase there will shortly be erected a circular stairway of ingenious construction, and of which an illustration is given above. Around a single shaft, one hundred feet high and eighteen inches in diameter, a double stairway is built, one stairs being for persons ascending the statue and the other for those descending. The whole structure is built of iron, the central column being made from wrought-iron, the steps of cast-iron, and the railings on each side of sheet-iron. One feature, which the tired climber will particularly appreciate, is the provision made for resting-places. There are twelve landings, and at each landing seats are provided; as there are one hundred and thirty steps on the stairway, this will make the process of climbing much less fatiguing than ascending to the top floor of an ordinary house.

The plan of having stairways for ascending and descending in tall structures of this kind is comparatively new. As the interior of the statue is necessarily deprived of natural light, no attempt has been made at ornamental or fancy iron-work. It is understood that the interior of the statue will be lighted by incandescent lights placed at various points. At the very top of the circular stairway there will be a short flight of steps leading from the main body of the statue to the arm platform, *i. e.*, a small platform connected with the outstretched arm of the statue. Another short series of steps will lead up to the head, or "crown." Since the statue was erected there have been iron stairs leading from the bottom of the pedestal to the statue. This work has been done by the Hecla Iron-Works of Greenpoint, New York, on the order of the Bartholdi Statue Fund Committee, of which Mr. **Henry F. Spaulding** is the Treasurer.

In this connection it may be well to recall the dimensions of the majestic female whose silent but important duty it is to "enlighten the world." The statue is 151 feet 1 inch high, and stands on a pedestal 154 feet 10 inches high. The copper is about one-fifth of an inch thick. The forefinger is 8 feet long and 5 feet in circumference, the finger-nail 14 inches long and 10 wide, the eyes 28 inches wide, the nose nearly four feet long, and the head 14 feet high.

ROOF GARDENING.

Riah's humble roof garden, to which **Dickens** introduces his readers in *Our Mutual Friend*, although nothing more than a creeper trained against a blackened chimney-stack and a few flowers and evergreens growing in boxes, is still so quiet and restful a nook that Miss Jennie Wren describes it as a place where "you feel as if you were dead." High up above the living, crying, and toiling people in the close dark streets below, and face to face with the clouds—"the mountains in the sky from which the wind comes"—the quaint, hard-working, and pain-racked little dolls' dress-maker finds in it a tranquillity and peacefulness which she pathetically calls "a strange, good, sorrowful happiness."

But it does not require the quick fancies and vivid imagination of Miss Wren to see in the old Jew's modest attempt at roof gardening an oasis which would brighten any waste of city house-tops, and give pleasure to those who shared its privileges. The people of tropical and semi-tropical lands learned centuries ago to regard the house-top as something more than simply the shelter of the rest of the dwelling, and to prize it as a cool and quiet retreat. Having made it one of the living places of the home, it was very natural to adorn it with plants and flowers, and to shelter it by vines and other devices, till it became in many instances the pleasantest and most picturesque part of the house. Examples of such development are given in the cuts 1, 2, 7, and 8 of the illustration accompanying this article. The first two are of scenes in Tangier, and the others are from sketches in Spain. Nos. 3 and 4 show the tropical luxuriance of flowers and foliage which have been transplanted to the roofs of those princely caravansaries the Ponce de Leon and Alcazar hotels at St. Augustine, Florida. Instances of roof gardening on so extensive a scale, or on any scale whatever, are rare in this country, although in many Spanish and Italian cities they are not unusual.

The possibilities in this direction are attracting more and more attention, however, in our large cities, and the experimental knowledge so far gained is strongly in favor of utilizing the flat roofs of dwellings, hotels, and apartment-houses as breathing-spots and home summer resorts. The suggestion appeals eloquently to many who cannot in the hot season go to the mountains, sea-shore, and lakes for recreation and change. While the mercury is indulging in its most ambitious flights the atmosphere of the best appointed city dwelling will often be almost stifling. Few breezes enter windows to cool sweltering humanity, except where the unusual height of a structure takes it above its neighbors. Over the roofs, however, in the region totally unpre-empted or surrendered to Bridget and her clothes-lines, grateful zephyrs play without interruption, and here, if people would only believe it, the pleasantest spot for afternoon naps and evening concourse is to be found. Down below, in the dusty street or in the close apartments, it is hot, sticky, and noisy. Up above, it is clean, refreshing, and quiet. Dwellers in the tenement-houses recognize this, and swarm upon the roofs at night, although the narrow copings and lack of other protection often make this search for comfort extremely hazardous for restless sleepers.

One of New York's pioneers in roof gardening is Mr. **Charles A. Rich**, of the firm of **Lamb & Rich**, architects. Having travelled in Italy, Spain, and other European lands, and studied the effects, artistic and practical, of house-top embowering, he has made use of his knowledge on his own house on West Seventy-fourth Street, with the gratifying result partly shown by illustration No. 9. A substantial wooden frame supports a canvas awning, which is run back and forth by means of a roller, and also affords abundant opportunity for swinging hammocks and arranging screens and trellises. The floor—a common tin roof—is covered with cheap matting which stands exposure for a season, and through which water readily soaks and runs off. The two-foot brick coping demanded by the building code of the city is supplemented by a strip of stout wire netting. Around the enclosure are arranged boxes and pots of flowering plants, while creepers climb to the frame above, and add beauty and seclusion to the bower. Scattered about are reclining chairs and other furniture suggesting ease and comfort. In such a nook, and surrounded by pleasant companions, it is not hard to forget the grind of business, the glare of pavements, and the pentupedness of towering walls. No. 10 of the illustrations shows a part of the plan which Mr. **Rich** has drawn for a house in Seventy-sixth Street. No. 5 is the elaborate roof of a large apartment-house designed by **Brunner & Tryon**, also New York architects, and in No. 6 is given a glimpse of the showy roof decorations of the Casino at Thirty-ninth Street.

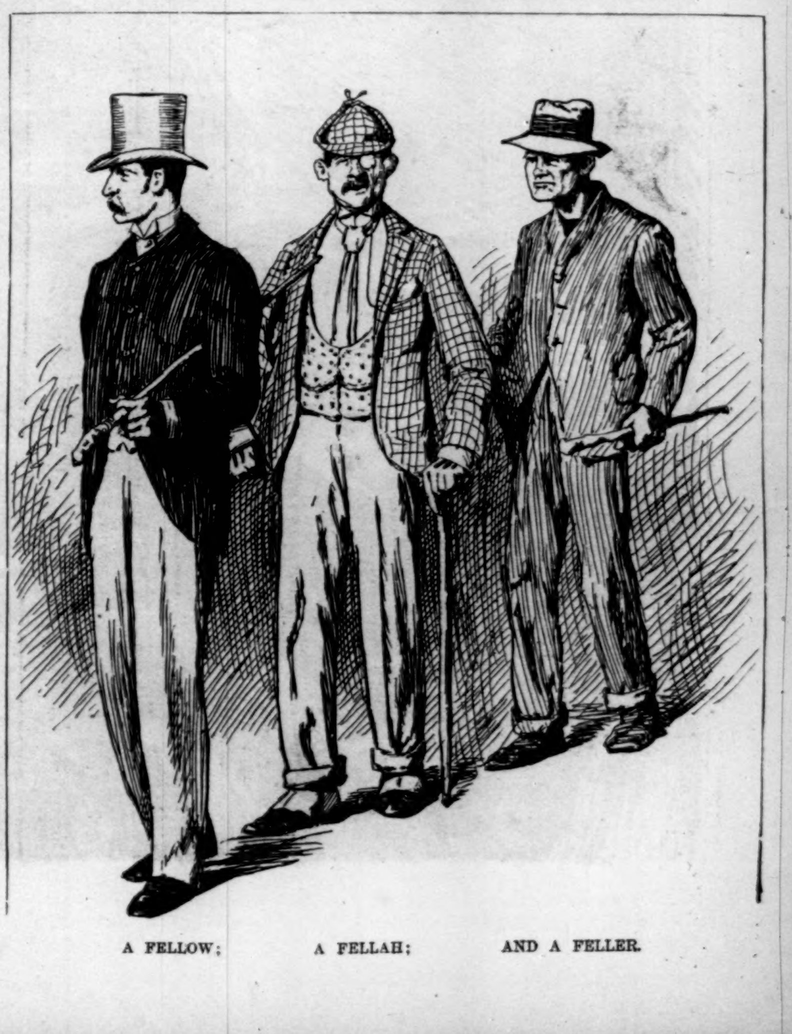
In house-top gardening it is possible, of course, by invoking such architectural skill and ingenuity as wealth can command, to reach most elaborate results. But with tiled floors, fanciful copings and railings, rare exotics that would grace a prince's conservatory, and costly appliances for mid-air irrigation, the ordinary mortal cannot deal. His province is to discover methods by which common city houses may be crowned in the least expensive way with a garden spot. A wooden frame like that adopted by Mr. **Rich** need not cost much, while a flooring of slats is within the compass of the average purse. A few yards of canvas or awning material will afford protection from the sun, and the other furnishings may be picked up at a second-hand shop or drawn from the store of cast-off furniture in the garret, if luckily there is a garret. Of plants and flowers it is not wise to indulge in too great a luxuriance as they sometimes attract mosquitoes, while the care of them may prove burdensome. The boxes and pots for the plants should be quite large, and at least eighteen inches deep, for in the free surroundings of air and sun the earth will dry rapidly. Irrigation should take place at least once a day, either before the sun is hot or after it has gone down—potted plants, like persons, being harmed by a bath administered while they are heated. This work would be greatly lessened if a water-pipe could be run up to the roof and a force-pump attached. In the selection and arrangement of the flowers and creepers one's own judgment and taste may be consulted; but it is well, as our season for out-door gardening is short, to choose those which grow rapidly. A few of the commonest plants that may be expected to do well are geraniums, mignonettes, heliotropes, coleus, monthly roses, and peligoneums, while among the creepers are Madeira vines, morning-glories, the cypress, and scarlet runners or beans, which, as the old soldier in *The Story of a Short Life* says, "like a warm place, and are growing while you're on duty." Palms make handsome ornaments, and need but little water. Ivies, orange-trees, and other plants that have helped to beautify the inside of the house during the cold weather, will also do good service on the house-top, and profit by the outing.

HIRAM SIBLEY.

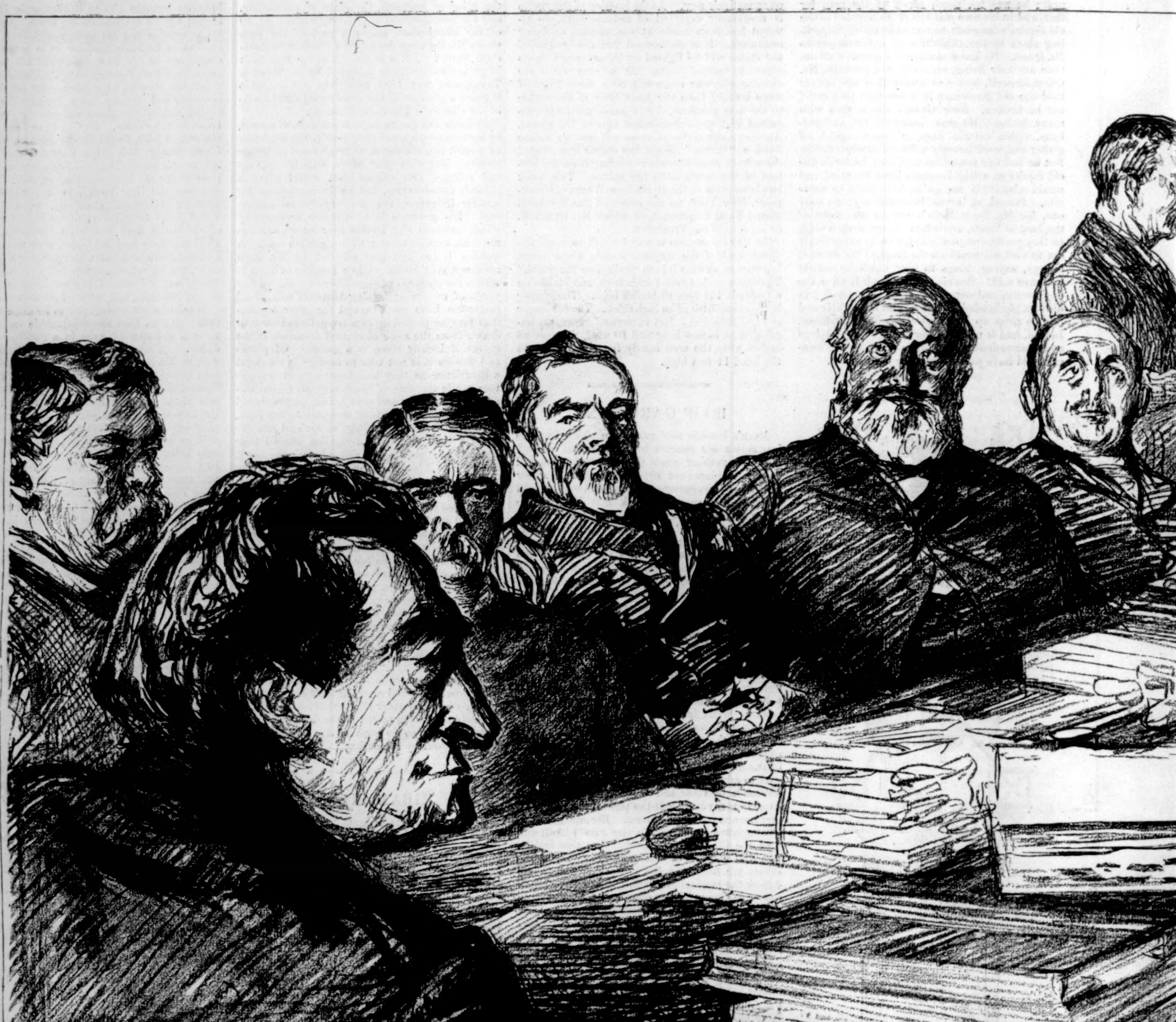
The death of **Hiram Sibley**, which took place at his own home in Rochester about 11 o'clock in the forenoon of Thursday, July 12th, deprives the State of New York of one of its oldest and most honored citizens. Mr. **Sibley**, who was in the eighty-first year of his age, had been in rather poor health for some months past, and since Sunday, the 8th inst., his life had been despaired of. **Hiram Sibley** was born in North Adams, Massachusetts, in 1807. Of a mechanical turn of mind, and possessed of indomitable industry, he had at a comparatively early age mastered not fewer than five different trades, and he was turning them to some practical account. Business interests brought him to Rochester in 1843, and in that city he established his home. Such were his enterprise and his energy, and such was his success in business, that he soon acquired the confidence of his new fellow-citizens, and was made Sheriff of Monroe County. Electrical telegraphy was then in its infancy. Its possibilities, however, had already been foreshadowed, and **Sibley** was one of those who clearly saw its relation to the future. Having been brought into connection with Judge **Henry Selden**, with Professor **Morse**, with **Ezra Cornell**, and others, **Sibley** was induced to organize a telegraph company under the then existing patents. The result was the New York and Mississippi Valley Printing Telegraph Company, April 1, 1851. Three years later the company leased the lines of the Lake Erie Telegraph Company, and in 1856 the Erie and Michigan, controlled by Mr. **Cornell**, was brought under the same management, the united companies taking the name of the Western Union Telegraph Company. Mr. **Sibley** remained a director of the new company.

There was yet much work to be done before it could be said that the telegraphic communications of the country were in a satisfactory condition. An overland route to the Pacific coast was, in Mr. **Sibley**'s judgment, a necessity. It this, however, he stood almost alone. He could find no encouragement from the Board of Directors of the Western Union. In their judgment the expense would be so great as to counterbalance any possible advantage. **Sibley** appealed, with no better result, in 1857, to the North American Telegraph Association. In 1860 he applied to Congress, and found a warm friend in **Howell Cobb**, then Secretary of the Treasury. On June 16th of that year an act was passed granting an annual subsidy of $40,000 for ten years; and a year later, **Salmon P. Chase** having succeeded to the Treasury, Mr. **Sibley** had his contract signed. About the same time the Overland Telegraph Company was organized in San Francisco, and the two interests, having combined, took the name of the Pacific Telegraph Company. Work was immediately begun, and on November 15, 1861, just four months and eleven days later, the announcement was made that the line was open from ocean to ocean. The investment was profitable from the outset. On March 16, 1864, the Pacific Telegraph Company was merged in the Western Union Company. When the Atlantic Cable was successfully laid, Mr. **Sibley** was busy with an overland line to Russia. This enterprise, although somewhat advanced, was abandoned.

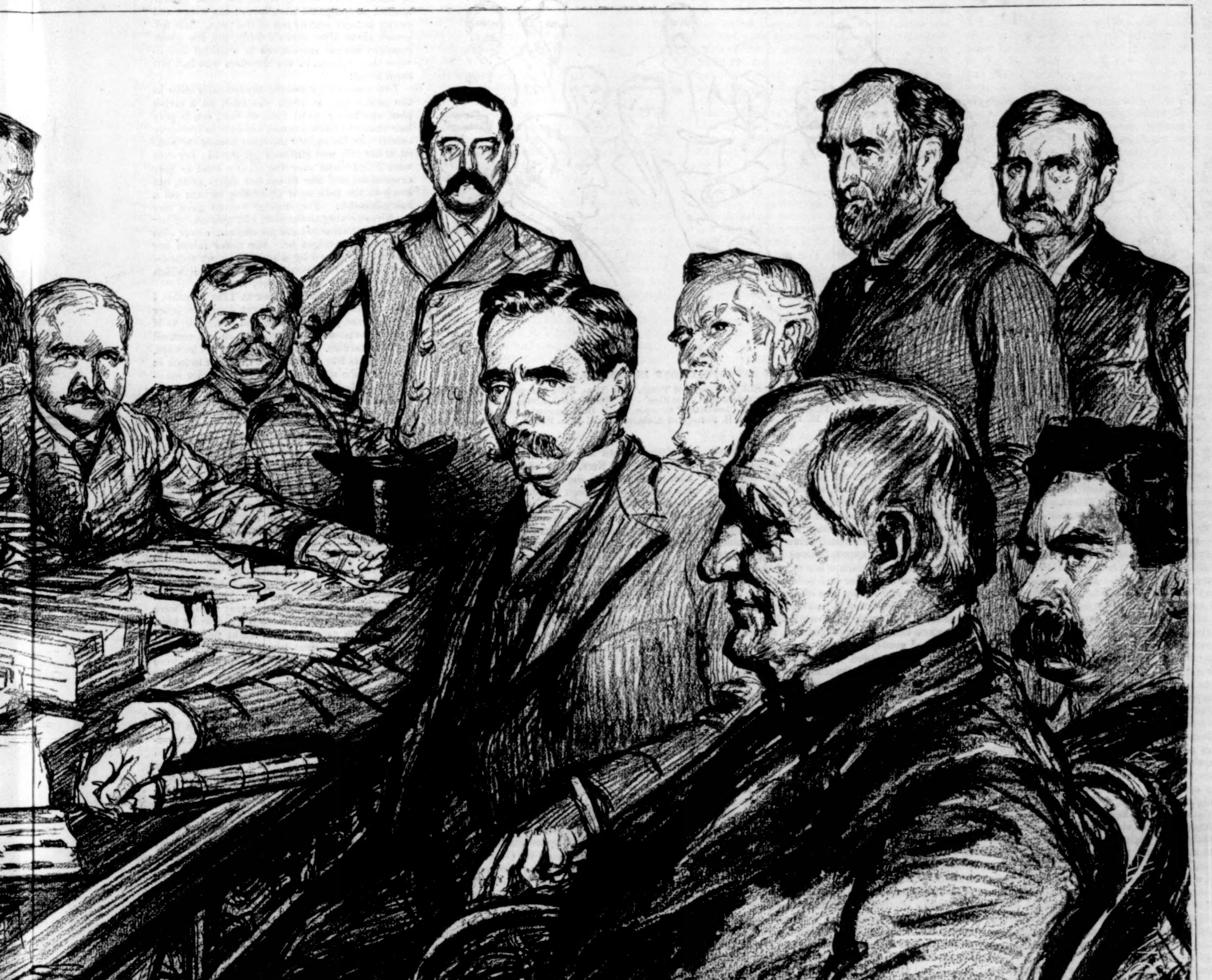
For sixteen years Mr. **Sibley** was President of the Western Union, the share capital of the concern advancing during that period from $500,000 to $40,000,000. In 1866 he resigned, on account of ill health, and went to Europe for rest. He subsequently severed his connection with the Western Union, and having sold out all his telegraph interests, he went extensively into the seed business. He had, however, many other business interests, in the form of railroads, lumber, salt, and manufacturing stock of various kinds. Of the Monroe Bank in Rochester he was the largest stockholder. Mr. **Sibley** was a generous public benefactor, and his interest in the educational institutions of the State has been attested by two enduring monuments—Sibley Hall, at Rochester University, built at a cost of $100,000, and Sibley College of Mechanical Arts, at Cornell, the latter intended as a memorial of his friendship for the founder of the university.



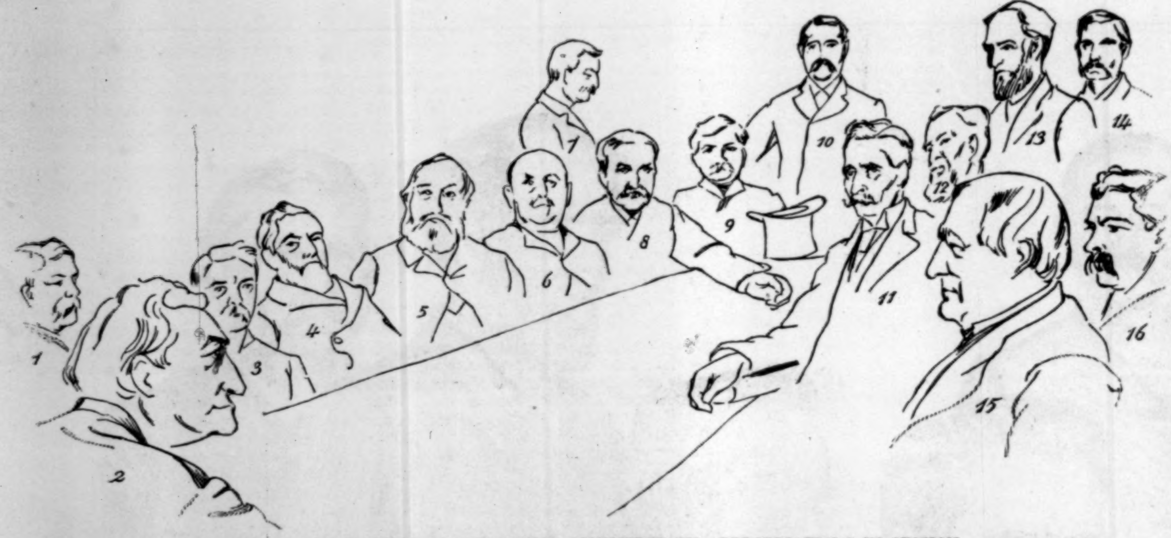
A FELLOW; A FELLAH; AND A FELLER.



THE COMMITTEE ON APPROPRIATIONS OF THE HOUSE OF R



REPRESENTATIVES IN SESSION.—DRAWN BY P. RENOUARD.—[SEE PAGE 534.]



KEY TO THE PICTURE OF THE HOUSE COMMITTEE ON APPROPRIATIONS IN SESSION.

1. Hon. James N. Burnes, of Missouri. 2. Hon. Samuel J. Randall, of Pennsylvania. 3. Hon. J. D. Sayers, of Texas. 4. Hon. Felix Campbell, of New York.
5. Hon. Edmund Rice, of Minnesota. 6. Hon. Thomas Ryan, of Kansas. 7. Mr. James C. Courts, Clerk of the Committee. 8. Hon. John D. Long, of Massachusetts.
9. Hon. David B. Henderson, of Iowa. 10. Hon. Louis E. McComas, of Maryland. 11. Hon. Judson C. Clements, of Georgia. 12. Hon. Edward J. Gay, of Louisiana.
13. Hon. Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois. 14. Hon. Benjamin Butterworth, of Ohio. 15. Hon. William H. Forney, of Alabama. 16. Hon. Martin A. Foran, of Ohio.

THE APPROPRIATIONS COMMITTEE.

The Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives has charge of the purse-strings of the country to a limited extent. Since 1865 it has performed functions that were originally part of the duties of the Committee on Ways and Means. From that year until 1879 it prepared all the appropriation bills. Then the River and Harbor Bill was transferred to the Committee on Commerce, and in 1880 the Agricultural Bill was given to the committee having jurisdiction of the general subject. At the beginning of the first session of the Forty-ninth Congress, in 1885, the Appropriations Committee was still further shorn of its powers, and some of the other bills, notably the Post-office Appropriation Bill, were intrusted to other committees.

The changes that have been made in the power of this important committee are due to two causes. The House of Representatives grew jealous and restless because the committee exercised an undue influence over legislation, while individual members resented what they called the committee's parsimony. The River and Harbor and the Agricultural bills were transferred in order that the appropriations for the objects included in them might be increased. The control of other appropriations was taken away from the committee because it was charged that the chairman had exercised the right given him by the rules, to report at any time, to defeat other legislation. The committee was deprived of its power as a result of a factional contest between Democratic protectionists and revenue reformers, but doubtless the result would have been brought about in the natural sequence of political events, for the committee for many years has felt the hostility of other Congressmen and of the executive branch of the government.

The task which is performed by the committee is anomalous in parliamentary history. When the government was first organized the money bill was like the English supply bill. It was framed in Committee of the Whole, and the appropriations and the ways and means of securing the money were determined and devised by the same body. Subsequently, when the standing Committee on Ways and Means was formed, the subject of taxation and expenditures was intrusted to it, until the national debt and its kindred subjects became so onerous that in 1865 Thaddeus Stevens, then chairman of the Ways and Means, consented that a new committee should be framed, having jurisdiction over the government's expenditures.

The difference between the American and English methods of government is nowhere better illustrated than in their manner of dealing with the appropriations. The English House of Commons has a more absolute control over supplies than our own House of Representatives. It is a mooted question in this country whether the popular branch has the exclusive initiative as to appropriations, although it is practically settled by the refusal of the House to yield, and the Senate does not undertake to originate appropriation bills. In England the Commons has more than once denied to the Lords the right to amend supply bills. Since the reign of Charles II. the Commons has voted annual supplies, the sum to be expended for each service being designated in the statute. Our own Congress naturally adopted this method of providing for the wants of the government, but here all likeness ends. Our one supply bill has developed into a dozen, each service having its especial statute. The English supply bill is prepared by the ministry, which is practically the government, but as the ministry is a committee of the House of Commons, the executive and legislative branches of the government coincide, and it is so much the habit of the Parliament to grant whatever supplies ministers declare to be necessary for the support of the government that it may be said that items of the supply bill are never discussed, and the Executive is always provided with the amount of money that it deems essential to the proper discharge of its functions. Whatever opposition the government has met has been directed against the principle of a tax or the manner of its collection. Parsimony cannot be charged against the English Commons, but there has been a good deal of extravagant expenditure.

In this country the proceedings are directly the reverse. The heads of the various departments of the government prepare the estimates for the coming fiscal year, which begins with the 1st of July. Having received the estimates, the committee begins a course of thorough investigation, and the result is almost invariably appropriations that are very much below the estimates. In the matter of appropriations Congress and the Executive treat each other after the manner of the proverbial buyer and seller, who have always asking and taking and offering and giving prices. The departments ask for a good deal more than they expect, and while they often receive more than they hope for, as a rule they are not treated generously. For example, the State Department has been left without money for postage-stamps or telegraphing, so that the government carried on its correspondence with its representatives abroad with the private funds of its Secretary of State. More than once the military posts have been without powder. The signal service has been denied money for predicting cyclones at sea, because Congress did not understand the meaning of the term "foreign stations," these stations being in the West Indies, where the cyclones that endanger shipping on our Atlantic coast originate. During the last fiscal year the large Custom-houses were obliged to lose the services of valuable clerks because Congress thought that it knew better than the Collectors how many employés were needed to conduct the public business. There are any number of illustrations of the evils that arise from the attempt of the Appropriations Committee to conduct all the details of the government's business. It is assumed by the committee that each executive officer who is required to ask for money makes an extravagant demand, and therefore a searching investigation is instituted, first by a sub-committee, and afterward by the full committee, into every item of proposed expenditure. Many mistakes are made and many conscious injustices are done. Owing to the careful scrutiny that is made by the Appropriations Committee, the majority of Congress is held responsible for the amount of the annual expenditure of the government, while the Executive escapes, because its estimates are of scarcely any importance. The consequence is that the Appropriations Committee seeks to keep down the aggregate of expenditures rather than to make a fair and liberal provision for the government. If a large appropriation, therefore, is made for one object, some other object must suffer, and expenditures pleasing to the constituents of the members are often preferred to those that would advance the general welfare.

M. Renouard has given us a picture of the Appropriations Committee in session. The members are going over a bill that has been reported by a sub-committee. There is hardly an hour of the legislative day when work is not being done in one of the two committee-rooms. As may be judged from the foregoing account of the committee's manner of dealing with the government's expenditures, its labors are enormous. The thirteen men undertake to understand the needs of every department, bureau, and division of the government, the requirements of the army and navy, the necessities of the Indian and the diplomatic and consular services; for all these subjects have to be passed upon. Three members form a sub-committee on each bill, and they obtain their information by examining cabinet and bureau officers, chiefs of division, and clerks. Then they do about as they please, and as a rule their work is agreed to by the full committee.

The chairman of the committee, Mr. Randall, has been a member of the House of Representatives for twenty-five years. During five years he was Speaker, and it is to him more than to any one else that the committee of which he is the head owes its present status. He has used his power to the utmost, with the result which has been stated. He likes to be considered as a money-saver, and most of his Democratic associates on the committee are like him. Mr. Forney, who sits at Mr. Randall's right, is an old member from Alabama, and has been always a follower of the chairman both on questions of expenditure and taxation. The same may be said of Mr. Foran and Mr. Campbell. The other Democratic members of the committee are new, two of them, Sayers and Gay, serving their second term, while one, Rice, is in his first Congress. The average service of the Republican members of the committee has been longer than that of their Democratic colleagues. Messrs. Cannon, Ryan, and Butterworth are veterans, while Messrs. Long, McComas, and Henderson are in their third terms. Just at present the Republicans are watching how the Democrats will treat their own Executive. Until Mr. Cleveland's election they had to deal with Republican Presidents, and estimates were studied more carefully than they have been since the party in control of the Executive Department was the same as that of the majority of the House. Nevertheless, the spirit of saving will obtain so long as Mr. Randall is chairman, and it is highly probable that the subject of the discussion at the moment when M. Renouard made his sketch was the salary of some officer, which may possibly be reduced one or two hundred dollars.

One of the evil features of our appropriation bills is general legislation which would not be enacted were it not included in an appropriation bill. There are rules against this practice in both Houses, and a growing disposition to enforce them. Nevertheless there are permanent laws in the statute-book which were passed in appropriation bills. The chief signal officer of the army, for example, was made a brigadier-general in a Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill. The last attempt that was made by Congress to coerce the Executive by including obnoxious legislation in an appropriation bill was in 1879. The Democrats were in the majority both in the Senate and the House of Representatives, and Mr. Hayes was President. An effort was made to enact laws forbidding the presence of United States troops at the polls, and repealing certain statutes concerning Federal supervisors of elections. The bills were passed by Congress, but they were vetoed by Mr. Hayes, and the session closed on the 4th of March by constitutional limitation, with several important appropriation bills not enacted. Within a few hours of the final adjournment of Congress Mr. Hayes issued a proclamation calling an extra session, and there followed the political session which ended in the substantial defeat of the Democrats. The attempt to use the control of the purse for coercion will probably not again be made. Such efforts were abandoned in England many years ago. It was in 1784 that Mr. Fox endeavored to force Mr. Pitt's resignation and to prevent a dissolution of Parliament by a resolution that no moneys should be issued for the public service until a certain other resolution requiring an accounting of past supplies should have been complied with. He withdrew his resolution, however, "on being assured that it would be attended with inconvenience." Thomas Erskine May, speaking of this power, says: "No more formidable instrument could have been placed in the hands of a popular assembly for bending the Executive to its will. It had been wielded with effect when the prerogative of kings was high and the influence of the Commons low; but now the weapon lies rusty in the armory of constitutional warfare." It was not strange, therefore, that the weapon which the English Commons abandoned so long ago should have proved ineffective in the hands of the American Congress. The Appropriations Committee is powerful. It is generally followed by the majority of the House, although sometimes it is defeated on items about which neither the House nor the committee should have concerned themselves. It is able to prevent and obstruct legislation by the interposition of its own measures. But it cannot coerce the Executive. The last attempt to do so resulted in the triumph of the opposition party at the next election of Congressmen.

A FAMILY AFFAIR.

A flock of geese were slowly threading the narrow path which ran unevenly, like the part in an old head, through the reach of meadow skirting Claysville on the south. Their high set beads of eyes gazed calmly from their slim heads on the September brightness of nature, and the cackles which at times parted their wide orange-hued bills denoted a satisfied state of body, if not of mind. Presently, however, the head gander uttered an indignant hiss, spread his wings, and swung himself angrily out of the path. His followers made after him slavishly, and the whole company ranged themselves in wrathful line to voice their opinion of the intruders who had put them about.

Two women were coming toward each other in the path. One of them was built on a lavish plan, and had a rocky kind of face, set in gray hair that was riveted round her ears in iron-gray twists. As she sighted the other woman she jerked in her chin and stiffened her throat; her eyes were lifted clean over the other's head as they came close, and she thrust her skirts aside, but stuck to the path as if disdaining to turn out a hair's-breadth. The slighter woman gave way readily, swerving to one side, and quickening her gait as if anxious to have the encounter over with as speedily as might be. She never raised her face as she slipped by, a small shadowy creature in a limp black calico gown, the hem of which turned with her heels at every step.

"'Tain't 'cuz I dassent look at 'Liza Ann thet I hold my head down when we run agin each other like we done jest now," she said to herself, as if replying to some mental voice which had accused her of cowardice. "I ain't skeered of her no ways, but it 'pears like I hevn't got the heart to look at her when she churns that cold glare onter me—an' we'-n's both sisters, though I don't hold to the kinship nohow; I'm right ashamed thet the same blood runs in me ez runs in 'Liza Ann Clinkenbeard!"

She whipped up her head, but the straight lashes of her dull dark eyes were clinging together in wet, ragged points. By this time her pace had increased to almost a run, which shortly brought her to her own gate, the latch of which she undid with trembling fingers. No house had been built in Claysville for eighteen years; the two which Hiram Wade had given his daughters upon their marriage were the newest structures in the village, still standing the last cottages in the street, as they had long ago, when it was thought that "business 'ud grad'ally take to creepin' out to'ds Hoggins's Woods." The houses had never been painted, and their gray boards were fringing off in feathery threads like fraying hair. Between the gardens ran a slight picket-fence, which had some time had a coat of paint like skimmed milk; near the street four pickets were off, dark spaces showing where they had lain against the top rail, each bereft brown square with a forlorn rusty nail-hole yawning in it.

Ellen Lowes stopped for a second as her eyes lighted on this rent in the fence, and the tears stayed themselves as if dried by the heat of a suddenly roused anger. She had a thin face, with flesh of a waxen yellow, which suggested a flow in her veins of some thick, colorless fluid instead of blood; her eyes looked brown, and the color seemed to show through the stretched lids, tinting them pale russet.

"I wouldn't churn my hand to hev one o' them thar pickets put on, not ef I wuz a-drawin' my las' breaf," she thought, bitterly. Then she pushed on to the house.

"Name o' sense, Ellen, what are yeh thinkin' of, to slam the door like thet! I reckon it's no use to say anything; ef I wuz dyin' it would 'a ben jest the same—no respeck fer my feelin's."

Adkins Lowes fetched a long sigh as he spoke, and leaned back in his wooden rocker with a look of suffering submission. He was a man well on past middle life, with traces of bad health and of habitual bad temper clearly marked in his face. His nose was merely a continuation, in a perfectly perpendicular line, of his brow; at the nostrils it widened abruptly, with something like an air of surprise at finding itself a nose at all.

His wife began to apologize. "I didn't go to do it, Adkins. Likely I done it thoo bein' so flustrated. I met 'Liza Ann down street, right plumb face to face."

"How'd yeh treat her?" asked Adkins, peering a little anxiously from under his wrinkled brows.

"Treat her! Humph! We done jest like we've alwuz done fer the las' ten year—I went my way and she went hern."

"No speakin' er sech?"

"Well—I—reckon not! I jest looked straight ahead o' me, ez stern ez I knowed how. I hev an idy thet 'Liza Ann hes found out thar's more speret in me 'n what she thought fer."

"I hope yeh're keepin' some'eres near the facks, Ellen," observed Adkins, with an imperfect belief in his wife's assertion of her stern carriage. "I don' know ez anything could rile me worse then to hear thet you'-n's hed showed signs o' givin' in to Mis' Clinkenbeard. It ud look weak-minded to me."

Ellen looked at him with a sort of dull wonder in her face. "Ef yeh ha'bor any sech curyus notion ez thet," she began, in a hurried way, "yeh orter hev hearn me talkin' to Mis' Wenzle this mo'n-in'. Bein' a new-comer hyere, she hedn't got at the rights of it, so she ast me how 'twuz. I told her how some un knocked off them four pickets, an' 'Liza Ann's hens conserkently kem steppin' over inter my flower beds one day, and how 'Liza Ann 'lowed I could hev the fence mended ef I hed any prejerdice agin hens; an' arterwards how she found a spreckled pullet dead, an' wouldn't hev it no other way then thet I hed pisened it; an' how we hed high words 'bout it, an' hevn't ez much ez passed the time o' day with each other fer ten year come the 21st o' this month."

"I hope yeh told her yehr husband backed yeh up in this matter?" suggested Mr. Lowes.

"Yes, I made mention of it," said Ellen, rather slowly. Perhaps she was wondering in a sort of formless way if her husband's rigorous upholding of her side of the quarrel had not changed it from an affair of trifling moment to this family matter involving so much bitter feeling. She hardly knew how often she had been stung to renewed indignation against her sister by the small pin thrusts of Adkins's ill-humored allusions. He had no special dislike for 'Liza Ann, but preferred to keep his wife to himself as far as possible. He fancied himself an unbiassed observer of the affair, and always spoke to his sister-in-law with studied politeness.

As the winter wore on, things in the Lowes family began to show a dreary complexion. Adkins had not been well for some time; his habit of regarding himself as the continual victim of this or that disorder perhaps aggravated his condition, but there was really some physical basis for the airy structure of foreboding which he was now rearing. "When them maples in the side yard gits green agin I won't be hyere to see 'em," he said one day in February, the strain of weakly sentiment in his withered old form giving him a kind of pleasure in the thought. "I'll be sleepin' calm an' still by the time robins gits hyere. I may ez well go; I ain't skesly ever able to git to work no more, an' sence you've been taking in sewin' I've noticed thet yeh hevn't treated me like yeh uster do, Ellen."

He looked to see how his wife was touched by this remark, but she went out of the room so hastily that he was unable to judge of her feelings. She hurried into the back yard, and sat down on a wash-bench behind the wood-shed, her apron thrown over her head, her whole bony frame shaking with emotion.

"He's goin' to die—oh, I know he's fixin' to die!" she groaned. "An' yit thar's nothin' the matter 'ith him, 'cept jest low sperits an' a tech of agyer. He needs strengthenin' things to eat, somethin' tasty, an' we're 'most out of ev'ything in the way of eatin'. Adkins wouldn't hyear to me borrowin' nothin', an' I can't seem to git no more sewin'. Oh, I wish I'd never ben born, ef 'twuz on'y to lose Adkins! An' me bad frien's 'ith all the kin I got in the world!"

She lowered her apron after a while, and stared unseeingly into the clear sky, against which the stark trees lifted their empty hands; a fat fir-tree near by her blotted up all the shadows of the landscape, and crouched close to the ground as if soggy with gloom. Ellen regarded it with a shiver of horror. "Them evergreens alwuz did put me in mind of grave-yards an' fun'ruls an' sech like. I hate 'em on the face o' the yearth."

Just then a movement in the lower branches caught her eye; a white hen was coming out from the dim region below the tree, the cackle of triumph that strained her neck seeming to project her along by sheer force of elasticity.

"Thet's one o' 'Liza Ann's hens," thought Ellen; "I shouldn't wonder ef thar wuz an egg onder the tree." She gazed at the dusky pyramid as if fascinated. "It's in my yard," she thought again. "Eggs are awful high yit. It ud do Adkins a heap o' good, sof' biled."

She gasped in a choking way at the guilty purpose that was forming in her mind; then she remembered her husband's reference to his grave, and was decided. She stepped forward, and went down on her knees beside the tree. A thick mass of piny needles covered the ground underneath, and there in a dark hollow lay an egg. It was some little time before she reached in and took it forth. Once a light wind caused a sharp branch to smite her harshly on the cheek, as if with an accusing finger; again some of the resinous twigs dragged at her sleeve like hands stretched up from the lower world to pluck her down. She started back, but finally grew firmer, and laid hold of the egg. Then she fluttered toward the house with a nervous, uncertain motion, as if blown by the conflict of her thoughts.

Adkins ate the egg with something like a relish. "I kind o' enjoyed my dinner to-day," he admitted, in rather a surprised tone. "Mebby ef yeh'd try to git me up somethin' sorter tasty a little oftener it wouldn't do me no hurt. I reckon it's better fer all hands, though, fer me to jest fade away 'ith the winter, kind o' like a snow-flake meltin' in the sun; it's best I shud go."

Ellen did not reply, but there was a curious sternness on her purplish lips. "I'm glad I stole it," she thought, with a distinct notion that her soul was now irrevocably signed over to perdition. "Ef he enjoyed it one smitch, I'm glad I'm a thief; I am—I am!"

The next day she stole out to look under the tree; the egg she saw shining whitely in the sweet-smelling shadow looked to her as manna must have looked to the starving Israelites. She took it with less trepidation this time, so easy are descents.

"The gates to the Bad Place hev mighty smoof hinges," she thought, grimly. "Ole Hoof-'n'-Horns keeps 'em 'iled slick."

Adkins never asked where his wife got the fresh eggs he ate daily. If there was any remote idea of their unholy procurement in his mind, it did not trouble his digestion at all. In fact he seemed to gain health in a slow kind of way, his returning bodily strength marked by growing mental caprices, in truckling to which Ellen began to lose her own wiry vigor. Long lines commenced creasing the wax-like texture of her face, and dull brownish crescents hung themselves under her eyes like the sickly haze that encircles a storm-touched moon. Sleepless nights paid ghostly tribute to her troubled days; but she never spoke of these; so long as Adkins's peaceful snore indicated the restive condition of his mind and body, she was well content to lie by the hour watching the darkness rush about her as if it were full of seething atoms. Sometimes the ceaseless motion of the gloom waxed intolerable to her; and it was in one of these moments that she got up and went out in the kitchen to sit by a window that fronted east.

It was still dark, though the smoky dusk of the sky had faint suggestions of gray in it, as if daylight hung far up behind the lower vapors. After a little the waning night took on a sort of dim transparency, in which objects were plainly visible. As Ellen sat looking toward the east, with a hope that it would soon lighten for dawn, her eyes caught a movement in the yard which held them strained with fear. She knew presently that a figure was crossing the garden, and almost at one with this perception came the knowledge that it was the sturdily built form of 'Liza Ann.

Over the dark stretch of grass the figure went, on toward the looming blackness of the single fir, beside which it stooped with a wooden stiffness, as of rigid joints; one hand thrust aside the dragging branches, and in the outstretched palm of the other Ellen saw the round whiteness of an egg. 'Liza Ann got stiffly on her feet again, and began to recross the yard, her square outline growing momently clearer in the lifting gloom. She was walking smartly past the kitchen window, when it fell by chance that she cocked her eye in its direction, and at once caught a glimpse of the pale face on the pane. She put forward, with an idea of whisking by before she should be recognized, but before she could reach the door it was opened, and Ellen stood on the threshold.

"What 'r' you-'n's doin' in my yard, 'Liza Ann Clinkenbeard?" she asked, in a rather strained voice.

The other woman laughed shortly, and finding she had to stop, stood in a defiant way, her arms rolled in her apron and crossed on her breast.

"Reckon I hevn't trod down the grass none," she said, as if at a loss to give a reason for her presence in her sister's domain. "I—hed occasion to cross thoo hyere," she pursued, after a little pause, and then made as if to push forward on her way. Ellen came down the step and laid hold of her arm with a thin, hot hand.

"'Liza Ann—you ben a-puttin' them eggs onder thet tree—them eggs thet I ben a-stealin'. What did yeh do it fer?"

'Liza Ann saw there was nothing for it but the truth. "Well, I see yeh take thet first one," she admitted, with evident reluctance. "I hed my eye on thet white hen, fer I knowed by the sassy look on her face thet she wuz goin' to steal a nest off som'eres. She's too smart to hev feathers, thet white hen is. I wuz lookin' out my back winder, an' I see yeh r'ach in an' git the egg, an' I sensed right off thet yeh must be in a tight place 'count o' Adkins hevin' hed pore health. I knowed y'all wouldn't hev nothin' from me no way I cud fix it, an'— Well, the white hen wouldn't go back thar no more; I reckon she wuz sort o' put out when she see yeh take her egg. Hens are awful sensible critters; some o' mine come mighty near bein' folks."

She was talking at random to hide her embarrassment, but she broke off suddenly when Ellen sat down on the step in a weak way, as if her strength had spent its last effort. 'Liza Ann helped her into the house with a speed of movement largely dashed with fear.

"You got to set down in this rocker 'ith a piller back o' your head, while I turn in an' put the kittle over an' bile yeh a good cup o' right strong coffee," she declared, as she struck a match and proceeded to light a candle.

"Oh, 'Liza Ann! them fence palin's—"

"Shooks!" commented Mrs. Clinkenbeard, looking at the candle's hollow cone of flame with wrinkled brows, as if it had suddenly presented itself as an interesting study. "I'll hev old man Smith put 'em on to-day."

"No, yeh won't, 'Liza Ann; I—"

"He owes me a little bill anyhow," interrupted the other, "an' I may ez well take it out in carpenterin'; I'll never git it out of him no other way. Them Smiths are all a mean, no-'count set. Don't yeh mind Rosanna Smith, Ellen?—her thet uster let on like she wuz sick, so she'd git to lay in bed?"

"'Liza Ann," said Ellen, without heed to the subject of the Smith family, which her sister had brought up for the purpose of diverting attention from the more embarrassing question of the fence, "I whist yeh'd do somethin' fer me. I whist yeh'd leave the fence like it is; I'm kinder int'rested in thet white hen, she's so kind o' human lookin'—an' then the gap 'll be right handy fer you an' me to crawl thoo goin' back an' forf." She spoke loudly; Adkins was stirring in the next room, doubtlessly aroused by their talking, and she wanted him to know that the breach had not been repaired by an advance on the part of 'Liza Ann. Her devotion to him was none the less that it was now in some measure balanced with renewed affection for her sister, which no word of his could ever again disturb.

"We'll let the fence stay like it is, Ellen," said 'Liza Ann. Her voice was a little thick, for she had been blowing the fire, and the smoke had made her eyes wet.

Eva Wilder McGlasson.

JUPITER—A WORLD UNLIKE OURS.

By RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

The ruddy planet of war is giving place as the chief glory of the evening to the chief of all the planets, Jupiter, the Greater Good Fortune of the old system of astrology, in which Mars was the Lesser Ill Fortune.

The contrast between Mars and Jupiter, as science now discloses these orbs to our ken, is greater even than that which astrology thus recognized. Mars is a miniature of our earth; Jupiter, while much larger than the earth, cannot be regarded as merely an enlarged copy of our world. Jupiter belongs to another order of orbs altogether. He not only is not now like the earth, but probably he never will in the remotest degree resemble her, regarded at least in relation to the support and nourishment of life, which we must consider the chief purpose of all the orbs peopling space. (I am obliged to explain here that when I speak of "purpose" I use the word in a non-natural sense for want of a better. I do not imagine that any specific purpose which man can understand exists in any of the operations of nature, or resides in any natural phenomena. But when we see that such and such operations and such and such phenomena do actually produce certain effects or subserve certain results, we find it difficult—nay, as language is constituted, it is impossible—to speak of them otherwise than we should if, in accordance with ancient superstitions, those effects or results had actually been purposed by Mother Nature.)

Jupiter is an orb so immense, and in virtue of his mass so mighty, compared with the earth, that even had we no other reasons, we must regard him as belonging to a distinct class. But so soon as we consider the effects which must inevitably result from his enormous size and mass, we perceive that he must of necessity differ altogether from our earth in his life history. And when we note the results of observation we see that he actually does differ as to his present condition in precisely such a way and in such degree as we should antecedently have expected.

Formed like all the orbs in space by processes of condensation and aggregation, Jupiter must at the beginning of his career have been sun-like, glowing with intense light and heat, the scene of disturbances akin to those taking place still in the glowing orb which rules the solar system, possibly subserving some useful purposes in the scheme of nature, but also quite possibly not at present subserving any, for nature is patient and can afford to wait, even, if need be, for millions of years, until sun or planet or satellite is fit for its special work.

With his immense mass, surpassing that of our earth 345 times, Jupiter could no more cool at the same rate than the glowing contents of a great furnace can cool at the same rate and in the same time as a kitchen fire. It is not a matter of speculation or a hypothesis open to doubt; it is a matter of absolute certainty, that for the millions of years which we now know to have passed while our earth was cooling from her sun-like condition, Jupiter must have required tens of millions. It is also probable—though it must always be remembered that on questions of this latter sort we can only have probability, not certainty—that Jupiter, though his mass was gathered together long before that of our earth, was not formed many tens of millions of years before the world on which we live. Supposing him to have been in existence as a sun-like orb a hundred millions of years before our earth began to be, he would still be far younger than the earth at this present time, considering age not with reference to mere duration in time, but to development. Certainly much more than a hundred millions of years have elapsed since our earth was in the sun-like stage, and in that time she has done as much in the way of cooling as would correspond to five hundred millions of years' cooling in the case of Jupiter. If, then, Jupiter began his career as a sun-like orb a hundred millions of years before the earth, and our earth was in that stage a hundred millions of years ago, Jupiter has passed through no more than two hundred millions of years out of the five hundred millions which he would require to reach our earth's present condition. So that, on these very moderate assumptions in regard to Jupiter's past and our earth's —assumptions which are certainly far within the truth—three hundred millions of years must pass before that orb which is now shining as the chief glory of our midnight skies will have reached the stage of cooling through which our earth is passing now.

Will Jupiter, however, be then in the same condition as our earth? It was for many years a favorite idea of mine that he would. I pictured each planet passing through its fiery childhood, its hot youth, its temperate mid-life, its old age, decay, and death: and so far I think I was right. The old idea, according to which the problem of other worlds than ours had been for two centuries dealt with—the idea, namely, that all the planets are to be regarded as worlds in the fulness of world life, and all nourished (in greater or less degree) by the sun—must, I conceive, give place to the view resulting from all modern researches into the life history of our earth. The duration of the life stages of each planet's career must be so enormous (judging from the evidence given by the earth as to hers), and the different planets, being so unequal in size, must have life stages so different in length, that to imagine all the planets now in the same stage of planet life would be to form an utterly artificial and fanciful conception of the past progress of events. We should have to suppose that the larger planets had all commenced their lives earlier, and that the smaller planets had all commenced their lives later, in just such degree that the smaller planets had exactly made up by their more rapid changes for the lateness of their beginnings, and in just such amount that all the planets, the chief giants Jupiter and Saturn, the inferior giants Uranus and Neptune, the chief terrestrial planets Earth and Venus, the minor terrestrial planets Mars and Mercury, and perhaps even all the satellites and all the asteroids, have reached precisely that stage of planet life which we recognize in the world on which we live. This, of course, is utterly incredible, nay, even unimaginable. The idea that all the planets are (in that sense) worlds died when the past history of our own world came to be read, and its dependence on physical processes such as we can deal with and understand, and above all, its relation to the progress of time, came to be recognized and appreciated.

So far, then, the views which I advanced first in my *Other Worlds than Ours* may be regarded as supported, or rather as demonstrated, by known facts. But I supposed further that while the smaller planets—now old, decayed, or even dead —had been like our earth, and that while our earth had been like Jupiter, and both our earth and Jupiter, at still greater distances back in the abysms of past time, had been like the sun, the larger planets would one day be like our earth.

I now see that even as one star differs from another in glory, so must one orb differ from another in all the details of its life history. I see in the dead face of the moon that though she has passed through stages of vulcanian history akin to those passed through by the earth, her life history has not been the same as the earth's; nor will our earth, though she endure for tens of millions of years to come, ever present a face akin to the crater-covered face of our dead companion world. And in like manner, though we have no traces left on our earth of the time when she was in the part of her life corresponding to that through which Jupiter is passing, I cannot doubt that there were many characteristic differences between our earth's condition then and Jupiter's condition now, although in certain general respects there may have been a very striking resemblance. The two chief reasons for such differences are, first, the difference in the condition of atmospheric or vaporous matter on the surfaces of planets very unequal in mass; and secondly, the immense difference in the durations of the preceding periods of time through which particular stages of planet life have been attained.

To show the effect of the former cause, suppose Jupiter, with his mass 345 times as great as the earth, to be in the same stage of planetary life as our earth, having the same density, and clothed with an atmosphere consisting of the same gases, whatever these may be at the particular stage of our earth's history in question, a point left purposely unconsidered. Then, his mass being 345 times the earth's, Jupiter's diameter would be seven times, his surface forty-nine times, the earth's, and the total amount of Jupiter's atmosphere being 345 times as great as the earth's, while the surface of Jupiter is only forty-nine times the earth's, the amount of atmosphere above each square mile of Jupiter's surface would be seven times as great as the amount above each square mile of the earth's. Moreover, that much greater mass of atmosphere would be drawn downward with seven times the force of terrestrial gravity. (The reader must not turn to tables of elements and compare my statements here with theirs. I am dealing with a hypothetical state of things.) It follows, or would follow if ever this state of things could have existed, that the atmosphere of Jupiter at the same stage of the common lives of the earth and Jupiter pressed forty-nine times as heavily on the surface as our earth's, and was therefore forty-nine times as dense.

This of course would make the state of things in Jupiter and the earth entirely different. In other words, by supposing certain conditions alike, we arrive at others entirely unlike. Consequently the two planets have never been and can never be alike. The effect of multiplying six or seven fold, as we must, all the periods of the earth's history, in order to obtain the durations for the corresponding periods of Jupiter's history, would be of course to intensify all the differences which would arise from the differences in the forces at work and the structure of the materials acted upon during those several stages of the histories of the two planets. In fine, I take it that while the lives of two planets of different orders (even perhaps of any two planets in the universe) are probably alike—in that each passes through a sun-like childhood, a fiery youth, a middle life of moderate temperature, a cold old age, till finally it passes to the death-like stage—there is no resemblance in the actual details of life any more than there is between the details of the lives of two animals of different orders—reptile and mammal or insect and vertebrate—even perhaps than there is between the life of an animal and the life of a planet.

IN LILAC-TIME.

The potent incense of the Eastern drug
That brings strange visions to the brain
Is not so subtle as the lilac's scent
That wafts my past to me again.

The fair old garden, made by loving hands;
The little maid that once was I;
The sweet, sweet promise of the early bloom—
"It will be summer by-and-by."

But oh that morning freshness, full of light,
The small dear things that grew and smiled,
What time the lilacs, in the April breeze,
Bent down their blossoms to the child!

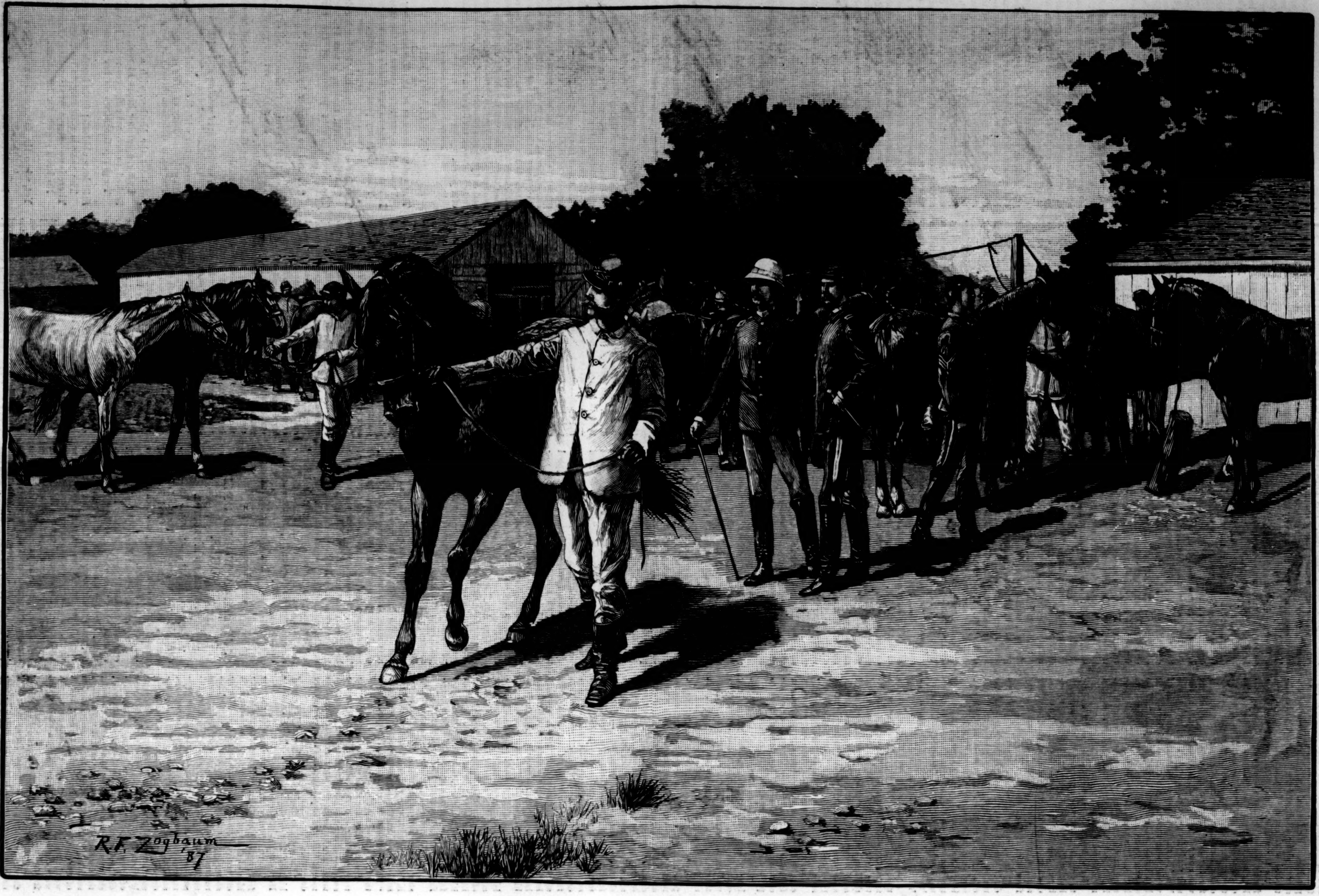
With sweethearts' wooing and with wedded trust—
Hours glad with love's divine content—
With ev'ry memory of life's spring-time joy
The same delicious breath is blent.

Not least the Mother, with a sunny head
Lying upon her heart at rest,
Smiled to see baby fingers reach in vain
To grasp the lilacs on her breast.

Still love abideth; little hands wax strong;
The year is rounding to its prime;
There is no sadness for the spring's farewell,
No keen regret for lilac-time.

Yet, when the faint and wand'ring wind at night
Beareth the fragrance of the magic tree,
Out from the far-off years there smiles again
The little child I used to be.

Katharine Phillips Williams.


R.F. Zogbaum
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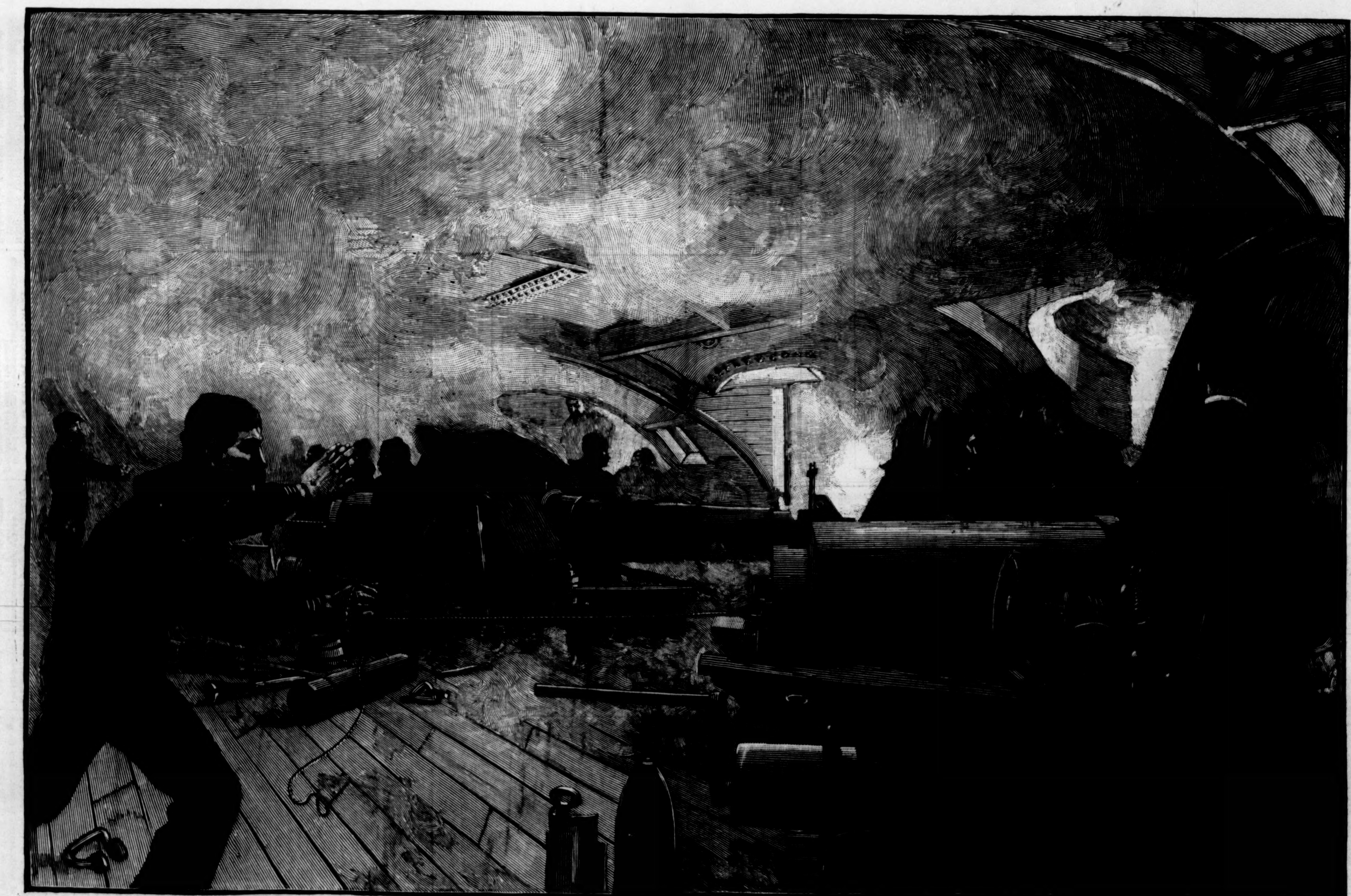
"AFTERNOON STABLES."—Drawn by Rufus F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 538.]



TARGET PRACTICE WITH THE HIGH-POWERED GUNS ON THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "ATLANTA."—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 538.]

"AFTERNOON STABLES."

The striking sketch of Mr. **Zogbaum**, "Afternoon Stables," which we publish in this issue of the **Weekly**, presents a scene familiar at every post of the army where a troop or more of cavalry or a light battery is stationed. At this call the horses are led out for grooming under the immediate superintendence of a non-commissioned officer, and usually the opportunity is then taken also to inspect horses which have been reported to be lame, sick, or otherwise needing attention. In the present sketch the chief figure is that of a cavalryman leading out his horse for this purpose, while two commissioned officers watch carefully the defect—or, on the other hand, it may possibly be the merit—to which he has asked attention. The men are not only very careful of their mounts, but often very proud of them. They can be seen, after the grooming is over, and the animals are being taken back to the stables, talking to them, perhaps throwing their arms about their necks, or kissing them on the nose; and when, as is very often the case, a post is large enough to have several troops of cavalry stationed there, the rivalry to achieve the finest appearance is very great. One troop will have perhaps all blacks; another, bays; a third, sorrels; a fourth, grays. The government does its part toward encouraging this pride by procuring very good horses to start with, often paying a high price for them; so that many of the mounts of our cavalrymen average as fine as in any regular army in the world. Those of the light batteries on the Atlantic shore can be had in the Eastern States. The cavalry, with the exception of Troop B of the Fourth and Troop B of the Sixth, lately stationed at Fort Myer, near Washington, is all west of the Mississippi; and plenty of good mounts can be had from Missouri and elsewhere, or from Oregon for the Pacific coast garrisons. They are, when bought, from five to nine years old, and fifteen to sixteen hands high, sound of course, and well broken to the saddle. So much of the dash and efficiency of the cavalry depends on the excellence of their mounts, and so much of the usefulness of the individual trooper upon satisfaction with his own horse, that the action and temper of the animals purchased for the service are carefully watched, and afterward a clearly just ground of complaint by a good trooper will usually procure him a remount.

TARGET PRACTICE ON THE NEW CRUISERS.

There is nothing quite so much like the "real thing" as a ship's gun deck during target practice. Sham fights on shore are well enough in their way, but there is no scream of shell or whistle of bullet, and you can see the men stand up and peg away at short range, whereas if service cartridges were in use, every mother's son of them would be behind the best shelter he could find. A ship's battery, however, is different. It always wears a certain air of dogged readiness for action, even when the "grub pennant," as Jack calls it, is aloft, and the men are sitting about on deck with a steaming mess kid in the middle of each group. It has even been said that some particularly sensitive young ladies are unable to dance at a ball on shipboard because they cannot shake off the feeling of dread lest some of the big guns should casually wake up and "go off." In very fact they are dancing—if they succeed in doing so at all—over a slumbering volcano; for a man-of-war in commission has, or should have, her powder on board, not to mention sufficient store of "high explosives," electric wires and batteries, torpedoes and the like, an accidental combination of which might at any time tear the steel-clad and iron-bound structure into shreds. Deep down below the level of the water slumber the mighty forces; a marine stands on guard at the head of the dark passage, and no one may enter save under the strictest precautions; even the shoes of every-day life are prohibited, lest a steel nail should chance to strike the fatal spark. But when one hears

> "The great guns jumping overhead,
> And the whole ship's company cheering,"

then the choking powder smoke draws in through the open ports, and you see active blue-clad forms, half obscured, hurrying to and fro. There is active work for a few seconds as the huge conical projectile is carried forward and hoisted up to the open breech of the monster gun. Then the flannel-covered cartridge is brought from the magazine, carried in a bag as a precaution against a chance spark. The heavy breech piece is closed with a heavy clang and automatically clamps itself in its seat, the heavy iron ports are opened, and the gun is run out. The gunner stands with the lanyard in one hand, while with the other he indicates to his mates at the heavers which way to move the gun, while his eye glances along the sights and chooses the exact moment—for the ship is never at rest—when to pull the lanyard and send a hundred pounds of iron screaming over the water toward the distant mark.

A battery engaged in target practice differs from the same battery in action only in a few particulars. The firing is more deliberate, and the men go about their work with comparatively little excitement, wearing their ordinary uniforms, and evincing only a few degrees more of interest than when at their daily drills. In action a large proportion of the men throw off their shirts that they may work more freely, and in the hurry and heat they are soon begrimed with powder-black and smoke. And then, of course, in target practice there are no red stains on the deck, no splinters flying, no surgeon's mates with stretchers bearing wounded men down to the sick-bay; but the tremendous reports of the guns, the shock of their recoil, and the dread activity of battle are all present. You do not hear the *crescendo* shriek of the enemy's shot as they pass overhead, or their splintering impact as they crash through or against your own vessel's sides; but the machinery is all there, and upon the whole a peaceful civilian may learn quite a lesson in military science if he can manage—and it is no easy matter—to be on board one of the new armored vessels during the summer manœuvres.

PLOUGHING THE WAVES.

A **storm** at sea means inevitable sea-sickness for ocean travellers. The vibration of a steamer's screw, even, is a sore trial to any but the strongest stomach. "Splicing the main brace," as the imbibition of a glass is jocularly termed by sailors, is a poor substitute for the swallowing of that incomparable tranquillizer of sea-sick stomachs, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which no commercial traveller, tourist, or invalid should be without in "crossing the briny," or making a tedious land journey. No unmedicated stimulant of commerce is comparable for efficacy to the great invigorant. Emigrants to the West pronounce it a reliable preventive of malarial infection, as well as other complaints to which hardship, impure water, and miasma-tainted vapor give rise. It renders brackish water drinkable and harmless, and is a fine remedy for disorders of the stomach and bowels, and for kidney troubles and rheumatism.—[*Adv.*]

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[*Adv.*]

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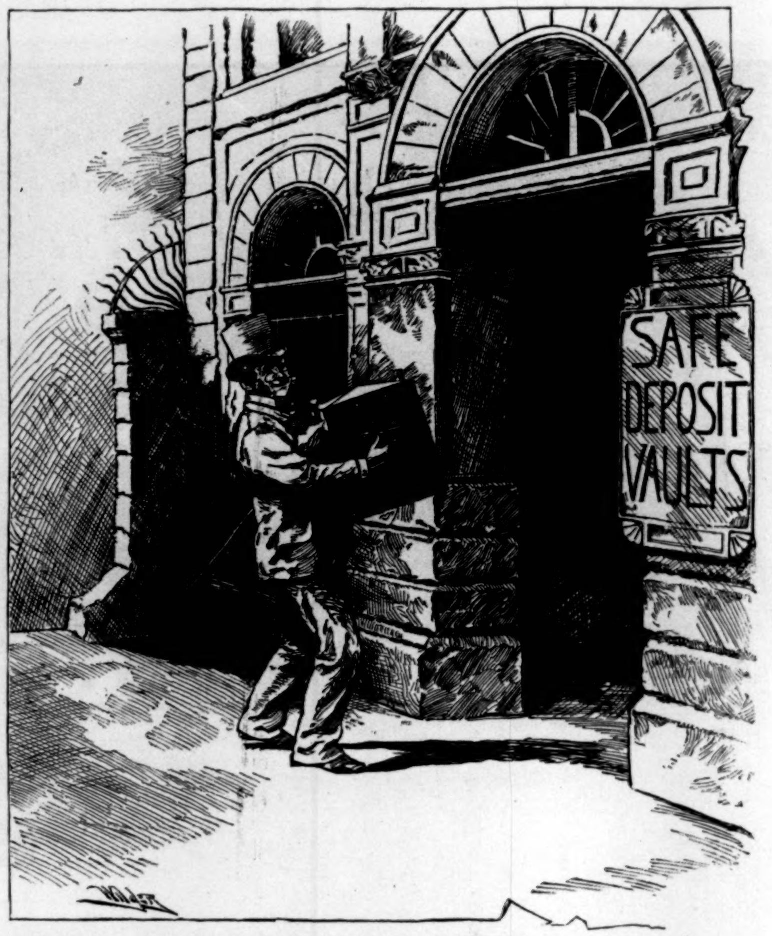

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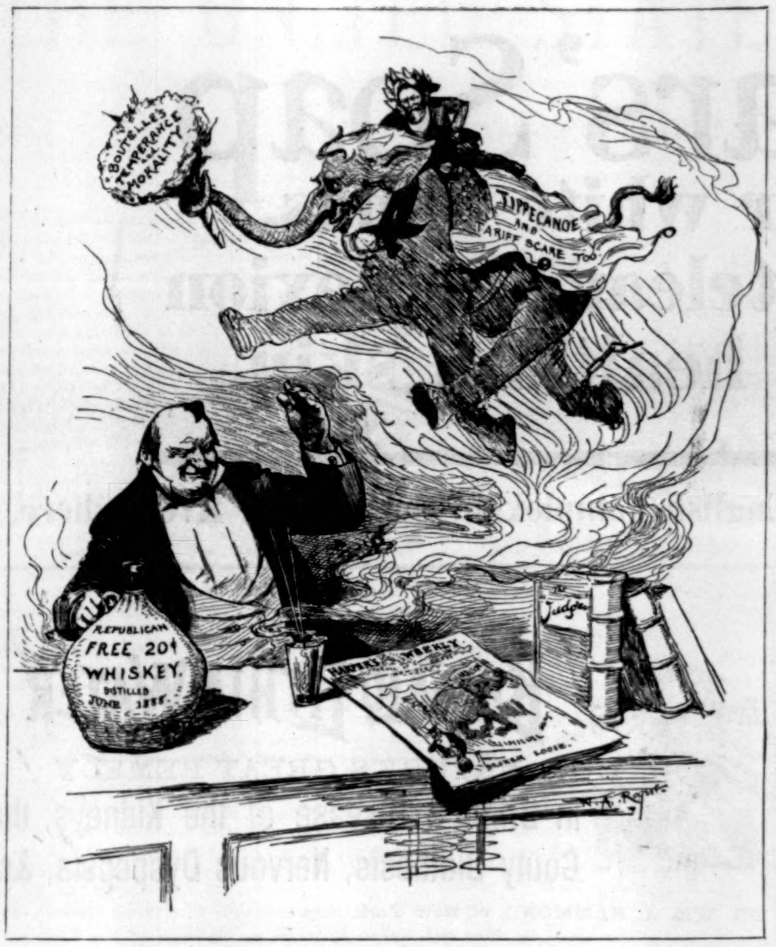
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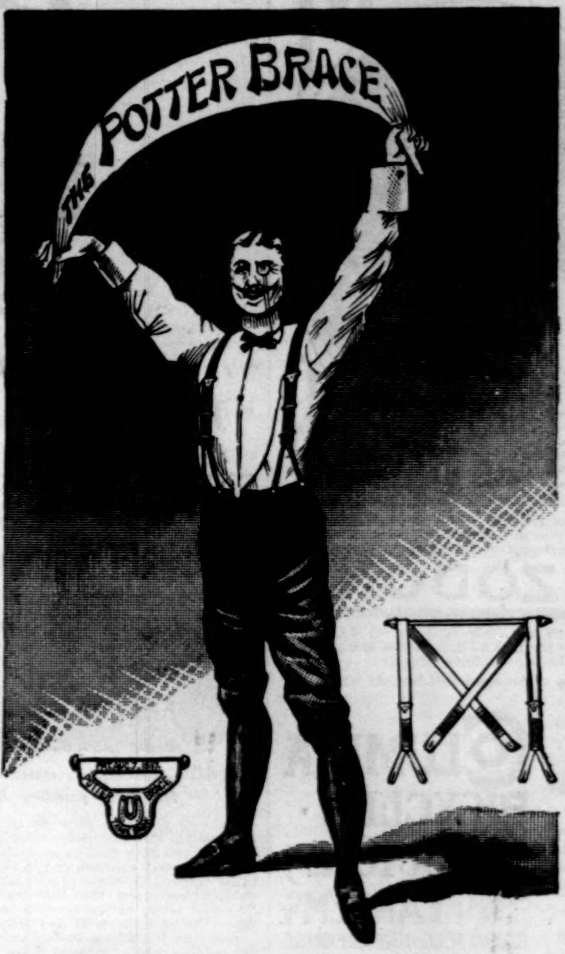

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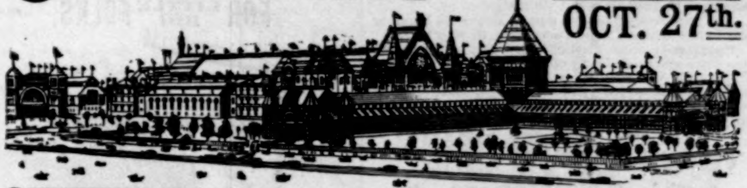

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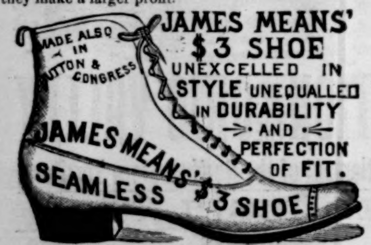
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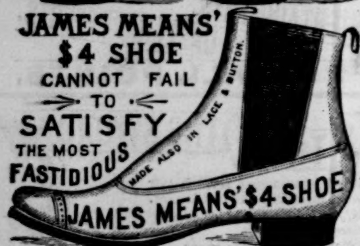
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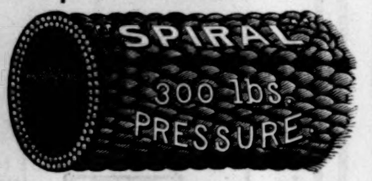

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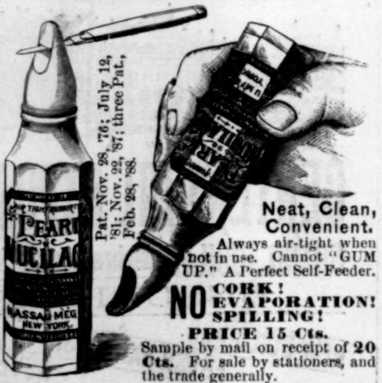
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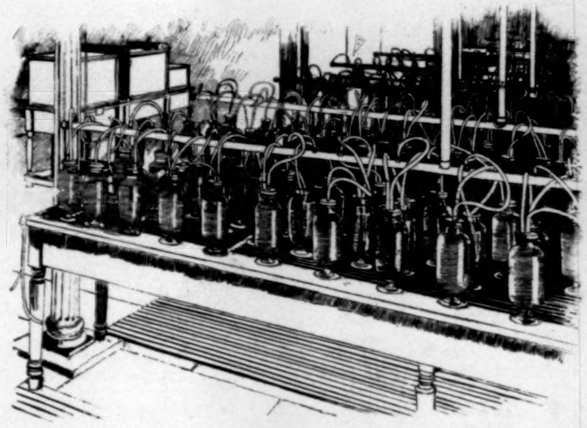
THE UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION.

SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY, JULY 21, 1888.

EXPRESSED in official language, the duties assigned the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries consist "in the investigation of the causes of the decrease in the supply of useful fishes of the United States, and of the various factors entering into the problem, and the employment of such active measures as may seem best calculated to stock or restock the waters of the rivers, lakes, and the sea." Nothing can be briefer than the words which by act of Congress of February 9, 1871, explained what are the functions of the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries; hardly anything more complex than the fulfilment of his duties. Stripped of official language, what the United States instructed the Commissioner to do can be condensed into three words, "Produce more fish." Make more meat or more bread might have been similar requests. All the factors for multiplying cattle or increasing grain were known. There might have been some difficulties at first, but it is supposable that they would have been readily overcome. More beef would have been a commercial problem. With fish it was different. Fish are *feræ naturæ*. Scientifically as ichthyologists, all about the structure of the fish was known, but that knowledge would not have produced one more shad or salmon. Fish culture twenty-five years ago was tentative. Lessons were being sought in China. There had been wading for facts in mediæval fish-ponds. About 1859 practical thought, good because commercial, had been given more particularly to trout culture.



THE MACDONALD FISH-HATCHING JARS.

It was evident to the late Commissioner, Professor Spencer F. Baird, that the whole subject had to be studied. Fish culture was so desparse, vague, conjectural, that every foot of the ground had to be tracked over. What were some of the factors? Take the material to be worked with. Eight years ago Professor G. Brown Goode presented a list of ninety-two "useful fish" found on our Eastern coast, twenty from the Western coast, with fifty-four from the rivers and lakes. Here are one hundred and sixty-six different kinds of fish, not counting lobsters, crabs, oysters, clams, mussels, scollops, turtles, terrapin, etc., etc. The qualifying adjective "useful" does not comprehend alone edible fish. We do not eat whale or porpoise, but these are included in the list, as are seals and sponges, anything, in fact, derivable from the water which has use, and therefore commercial value. The pearl which decks a woman's charms, or sea-weed which manures a field, must claim the attention of the Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries. It can now be understood that as aquatic fauna cover the widest of geographical ranges, how comprehensive must have been this preparatory study. Congress assumed that there was decrease of fish. Was there decrease? If so, was it local or general? What were the data? None existed. If fish were apparently diminishing, such might not have been the actual case. The total might have been the same, only there was less perhaps to the individual fisherman, because more nets, more hooks, were at work. It became apparent, however, that in many localities there was a marked decrease. A half-century ago a man off the New England coast might row a mile or less out to sea and catch cod in sufficient quantity to pay for his day's labor. He might fish now and take no cod at all. In inland waters there was marked decrease of shad, salmon, and white-fish.

Working up the economic data in regard to the supply, it became possible at the same time to study the character of fish and their habits. Never swerving a hair's-breadth from his instructions, which were to produce more fish, the Commissioner approached the subject in ten thousand different ways. If the whole of this number of Harper's Weekly were devoted to but the bare synopsis of the methods employed to get at the facts, space would not suffice for a tithe of them. It can be asserted that for the practical working out of a subject, the numerous reports published by the United States Commissions, show a thoroughness which has been rarely reached. Facts apparently isolated had to be grouped, and these in time were discovered to be as the means for accomplishing the end in view. There were questions as to the food of fish, their periods of going and coming, their appearance and disappearance. General research had to be carried out relative to the temperature of water at various depths and in different seasons. Thermometers, with deep-sea soundings, gave degrees of heat or fathoms of water. The bottom of the sea yielded indications. When the thermometer was at rest, then came the microscope. The embryology of fish, which was a scientific study, had to be now taken as a practical basis. If under the lens fish life was seen to quicken, that might have sufficed for the professor before a class of biological students; but how could this be done by ordinary unscientific hands? Not the hatching of one or a hundred of eggs, but practical work with millions of eggs. The innumerable manipulative experiments for fructifying the eggs had all to be gone through with. It had to be brought down to a commercial basis. If a fingerling shad cost ten cents to put in a stream, and was worth twelve cents when adult, five-sixths of the value of the fish would have been already spent. If a calf cost $50, and when a steer was worth $60, as a breeding speculation the business would never have paid. With Professor Baird, and those imbued with his particular magnetism, efforts never ceased. Nothing was ever done in a hap-hazard manner. That more acute sense science gives to trade told its tale. In time processes of hatching certain kinds of eggs became mere routine work. The percentages of loss of fish, instead of being eccentric, followed definite laws. If there was dearth of young fish it was because prior or subsequent conditions were not normal.

At the beginning fish-hatching apparatus was cumbersome, expensive, inefficient. The machinery for shad hatching serves as an example, showing how in time came improvements. First, shad hatching boxes, an invention due to ingenuity outside of the Fish Commission, were used. These were so built as to have a peculiar set in the water. They were wire-covered, were anchored in the stream, and advantage was taken of natural currents. The boxes required personal attention. As they were often out of sight, what then was going on was undiscoverable. All the eggs might have died or been swept away. After these shad hatching boxes mechanical motion by means of steam-power was used. This method was troublesome, expensive, and with uncertain results. Next came a complication of glass and porcelain vessels, requiring skilled attendance. Step by step, simplicity and economy being entertained, the automatic idea was thought of, and at last came the invention due to the present Commissioner, Colonel Marshall MacDonald, known as the MacDonald Fish-hatching Jar. With this apparatus every difficulty is overcome. After the eggs have been fructified they are placed in the MacDonald jars. Water is turned on a whole series of jars, and the work goes on automatically. In the old Armory Building near the National Museum a battery of these jars are at work during the proper season. There are ten tables, on which stand the jars, with tubes of glass and rubber for distribution of the water. Each jar has a capacity of from 60,000 to 70,000 shad eggs, so that, as a station, it will hatch 21,000,000 of eggs at one time, or 90,000,000 if that were wanted—enough eggs of the shad to stock, one might think, the rivers of the world. Bearing considerations of cost always in mind, one million young shad can be hatched for less money than could have been a thousand ten years ago. To put it accurately, one hundred fish cost not quite one cent to produce.

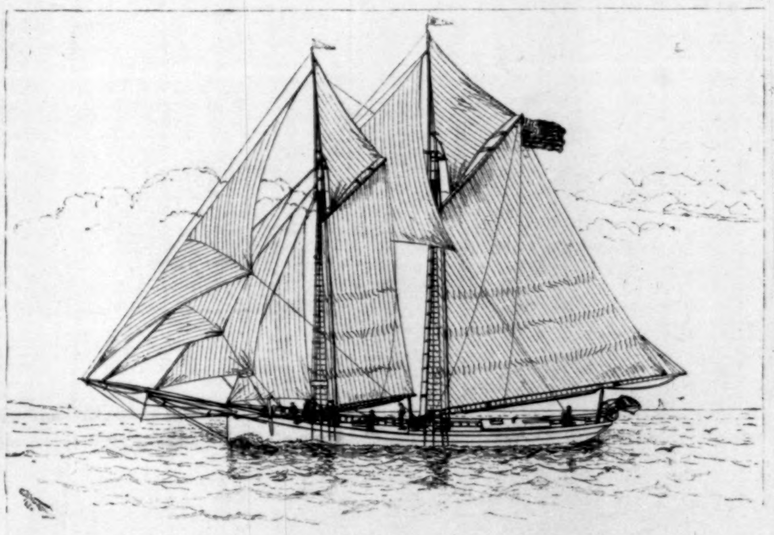
Working successfully with shad, salmon, white-fish—the German carp having been introduced all over the country—the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries broke water in a novel direction. It undertook to make the sea-coast populous once more with fish. Of the many problems which the Commission sought to solve, this was certainly the most remarkable in its conception. The possibility of rendering a river or lake fruitful comes within the limit of human comprehension, but to enrich the broad seas was something which was deemed heretofore beyond man's powers. A number of years ago experiments in sea-fish culture had their beginning. The studies, the observations of specialists were lumped. Deductions were made, and from them the generalizer drew his conclusions. The treatment of the cod egg differed in many respects from that of other fish. Salt-water and fresh-water were not similar media. Like in everything else attempted by the Commission, it was the scientific acquaintance with the subject which, directing the practical work, soon eliminated the mistakes. By degrees all difficulties were overcome. To-day it is quite as easy to hatch cod eggs as those of the trout. The result has been a brilliant one. The young cod born and bred under artificial circumstances have been put into the waters of the New England coast, and the *Gadus* is now caught off certain shores where for the last ten years he had been wanting. This success naturally directed the attention of the Commission toward other sea fish. Time was when the halibut, *Hippoglossus americanus*, could be caught close to our shores. To-day fishermen go to the Georges, to the Grand Banks, to Iceland, in quest of the halibut. It seems as if it were difficult to take such a huge fish as the halibut and subject it to fish culture, but the thing, difficult as it may seem, must and will be tried. With smaller fish, as the Spanish mackerel, even the pompano, experimental fish culture will in time be tried. The sole, if it could be introduced, would be of service, because, strange to say, our native flat fish are of poor quality. Experiments have been made in this direction. It would be wanting in the appreciation of what fish culture has already accomplished to believe that the sole will not at some future date be introduced to our waters.

To bring forth the fish is one thing, to transport them, another. At the Arsenal at Washington millions of shad are being produced; at Wood's Holl or Gloucester, millions of cod. Production, as is known, is subservient to transportation. These fish were wanted for waters not hundreds but thousands of miles distant from their point of derivation. All the ways of transportation had to be devised for a special freight which would be valueless unless carried to its destination in a live and healthy condition. An entire novel series of researches had to be made. Fancy an enterprise of this character. Cars to be loaded with the raw material, which, during transit, had to be turned into manufactured goods, but the manufacture so timed as only to be completed at or near arrival. Suppose shad spawned in the Potomac, collected there, fructified, hatched at Washington, were wanted as live fish for the Sacramento River, California. The fish born at the Arsenal in Washington, if carried some thousands of miles, would have died in transit. Perhaps some very few might have lived through the long journey. Hatch out the fish in transit was the idea suggesting itself to the Commission, and that is exactly what is done to-day. Suitable cars were built, furnished with the hatching jars and water tanks. The eggs are put in the jars, and off start millions of eggs—all rolling on wheels. Temperatures of water which control the hatching of the eggs being understood, the speed of the train, the distance to be run, being known, it can all be so timed that the young shad will break through the egg at or near the Rocky Mountains, or beyond, at will. So nice is the calculation that, save an accident to the car, shad eggs put on board at Washington are delivered as healthy young shad at Seattle, Washington Territory.

Before the existence of the Fish Commission the shad was unknown on the western side of the North American continent. To-day *Alosa sapadissima* is plentiful in the rivers emptying into the Pacific, and the area seems to be increasing from natural causes, independent of man's exertions. Before long the striped bass, it is quite possible, will become abundant in these same Pacific rivers. From over-fishing, salmon are getting to be scarce in the Columbia River. It is now the business of the Commission to re-stock this and other rivers, establishing in the Pacific States and Territories hatcheries for the native salmon. There having been felt the want of fresh-water fish in certain Southern rivers, the German carp was introduced some time ago, and in a few years they will become abundant. It is the duty of the Commission to study every method which serves for the capture of fish, whether native or foreign. If the apparatus used by our fishermen presented what was best, due to ingenuity and mechanical skill, still there might be ways of using these implements in other countries which gave better results. Methods in one instance for the netting of cod have been copied after the ways of Norwegian fishermen, and actually increased the take of cod.

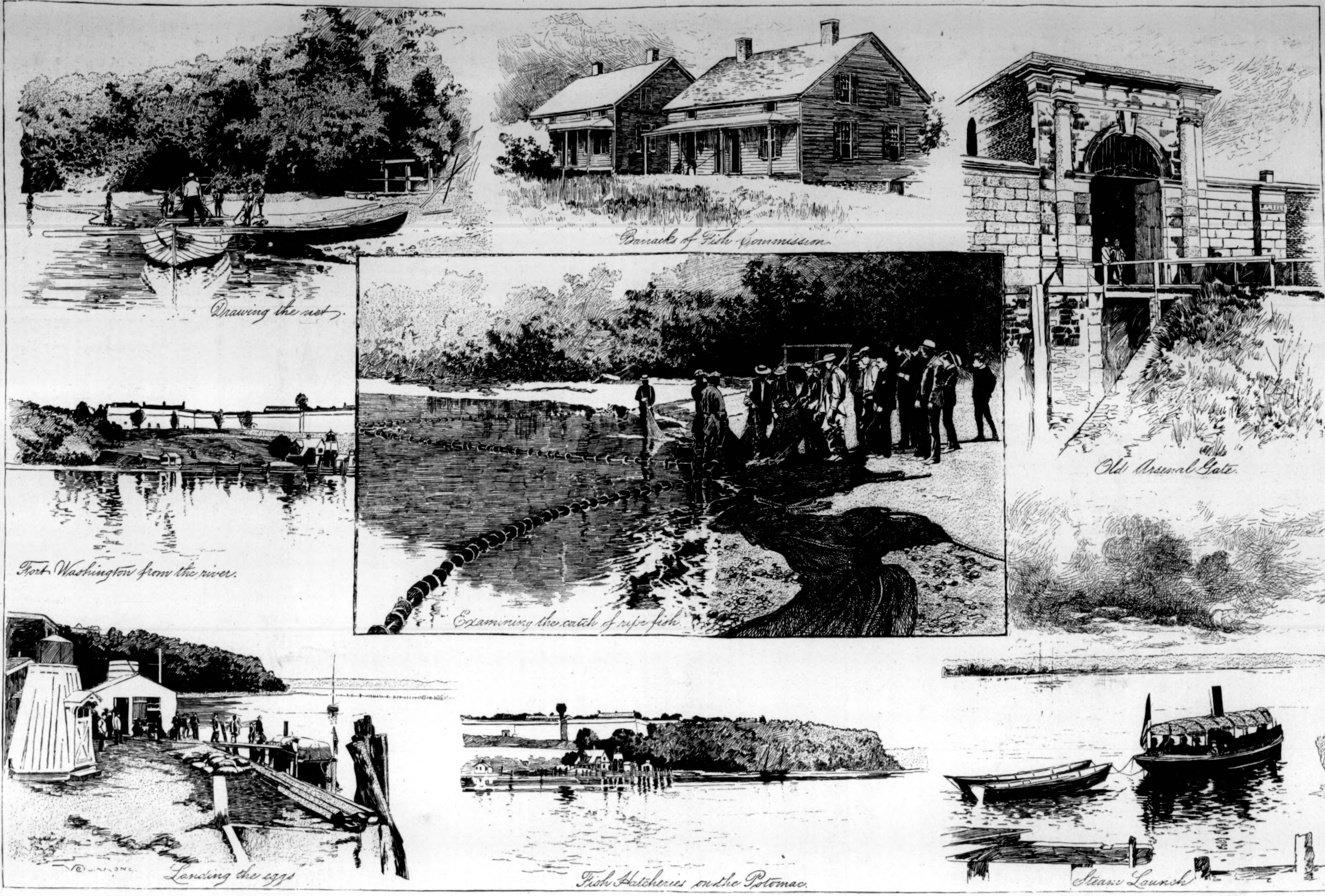
One subject, the manufacture and trade in the apparatus of the fisheries, is an important one, having not alone to do with the fashioning of nets, hooks, lines, etc., but with ship and boat building. What are the elements sought in a fishing craft? Speed and safety. It happens that in the off-shore fishing the New England fishing craft finds most tempestuous seas. Speed and safety are not correlative. It is of great advantage to make a short trip for reasons at once understood, but if vessels are built looking only to speed, the risks to be run increase. According to the census of 1880, the number of our fishing vessels was 6605, the tonnage 208,279 tons, worth $9,357,282. In 1884 the Commission instituted inquiries as to the losses in Gloucester covering the period between 1874 and 1883. During that time Gloucester had on an average 400 fishing vessels, carrying, according to the season, from 4300 to 4800 men. In ten years 147 vessels had been lost, of which 82 had foundered. The total loss of life was 1233 men, 895 having gone down in foundered vessels. Following the sad story, 322 women were made widows, and 658 children became fatherless. Taking more recent dates, in 1887 there were 487 vessels, representing 30,634 tons, and of these 17 vessels, with 127 men, were lost. Other testimony shows that in 54 years Gloucester alone had lost 2600 fishermen, and in the 22 years ending in 1884 2140, men lost their lives. Instead of a decrease, there was a terrible increase in loss of life. This might not arise entirely from the foundering of the vessels, but from fishermen lost in small boats or dories. It was probable that 75 per cent. of the vessels which had foundered met their doom from having been built too shallow. During a gale in December, 1867, not less than five Gloucester schooners were knocked over and barely escaped. In this storm many vessels were never heard of afterward. In 1883, in a single gale, 16 Gloucester vessels foundered, and 205 men were lost. It is the mission of those having the fishing interests of this country in their charge to look after the safety of the fishermen. A remedy might be found in the construction of a vessel which should have speed, and at the same time be safe and stanch. To make this evident, the schooner *Grampus* was designed by Captain J. W. Collins, of the Fish Commission, her building superintended by him, and the Commission are certain that if smacks are constructed like the *Grampus* the chances of accident would be very much lessened.

Under by no means favorable conditions, as in a choppy sea, the *Grampus* has made twelve knots, and an additional knot has been often sailed. Believing that in presenting a somewhat detailed account of the *Grampus*, Harper's Weekly may second the efforts of the Commission in saving life, from Captain Collins's description of the vessel the following details have been taken.

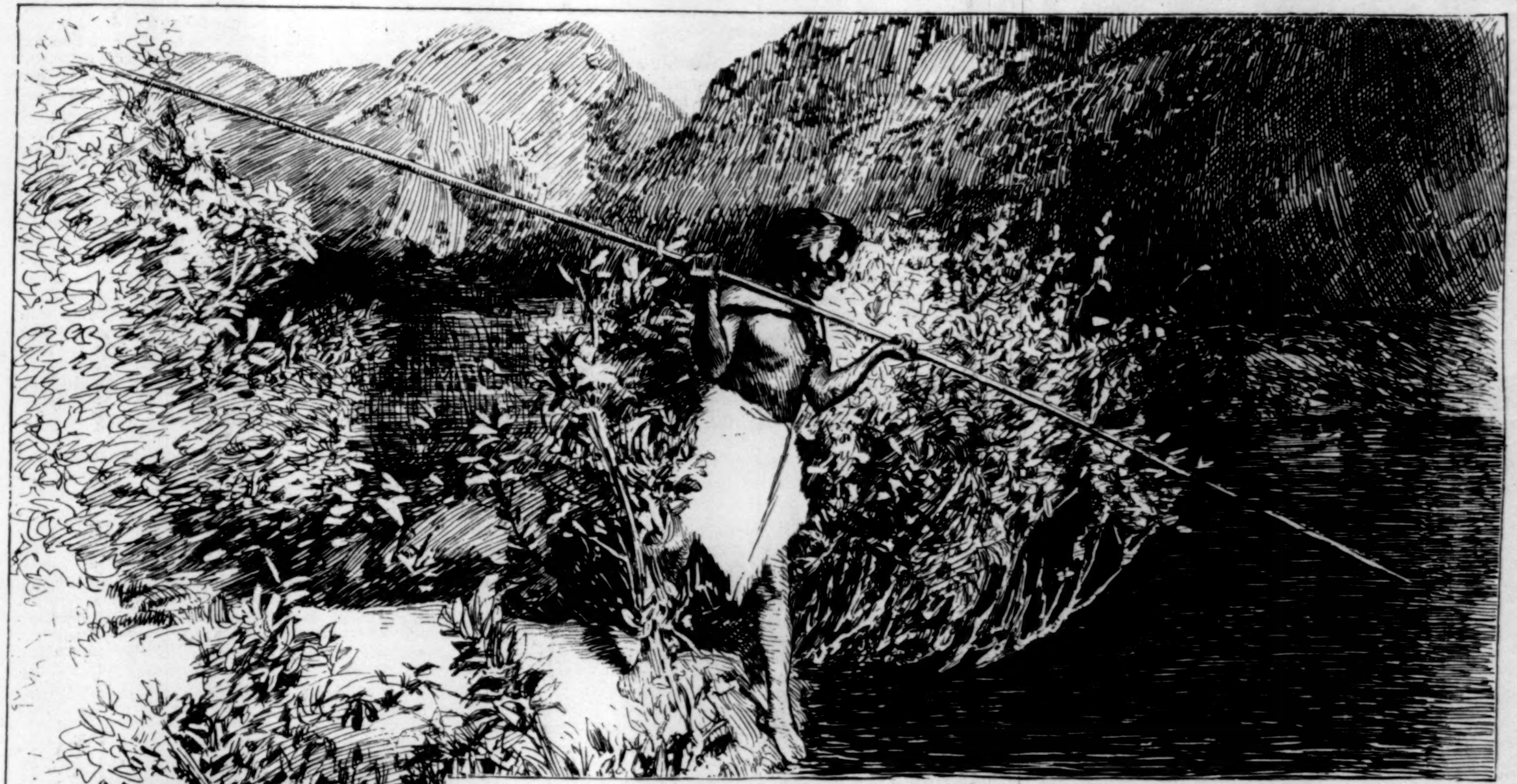


THE UNITED STATES FISH COMMISSION SCHOONER "GRAMPUS."

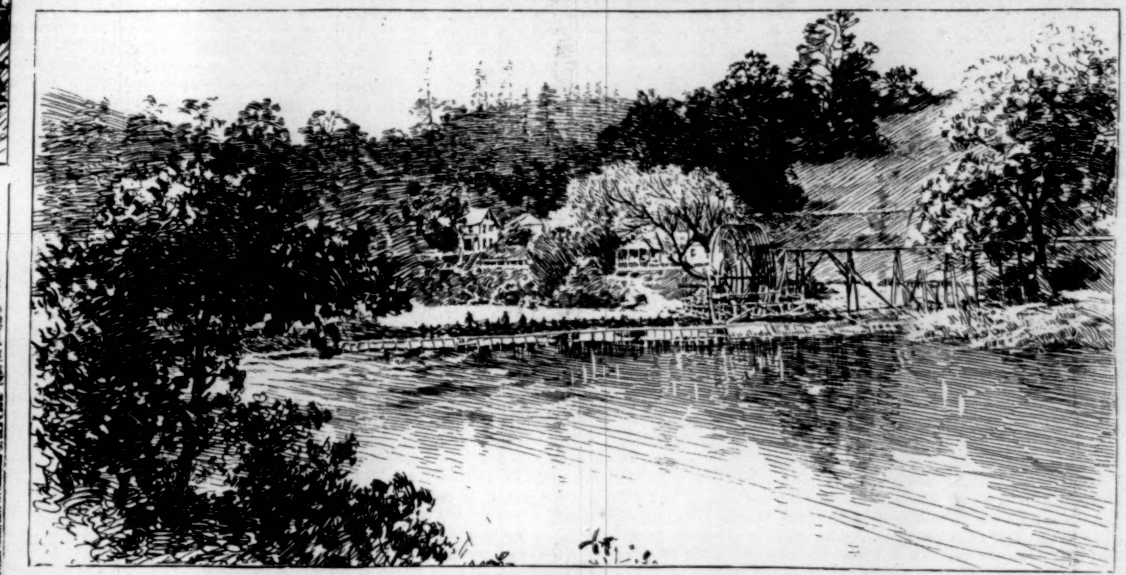
The schooner *Grampus* differs from the typical New England fishing schooner in being from 18 inches to 2 feet deeper, and has from 6 to 10 inches less beam. She has less proportional width aft, greater rake to the stern. The box-like stern of the usual fishing vessel is an impediment when passing through a rough sea. The *Grampus* has a pilot-boat bow, with straight stem above-water. The projecting cut-water, the long head, are abandoned. This fancy-work is not only expensive, but an element of danger. "It is weighty, 600 pounds or more, and at the extreme bow tends to make a vessel pitch in a sea-way. In winter it will carry a ton of ice. The long cut-water has an area of from 12 to 18 square yards, and in a gale catches sufficient force of wind to make a vessel lay to badly, and may prevent her frhm coming in stays, when to fail means destruction." The *Grampus* is not so flat in her after-section as the common clipper fishing schooner, and her water-line curves are easier and less abrupt. As to rig, the *Grampus* differs from that in former use. Her mainmast is considerably longer than her foremast. She has a fore stay-sail and small jib instead of a single jib. The proper proportions of


Drawing the net
Barracks of Fish Commission
Old Arsenal Gate
Fort Washington from the river.
Examining the catch of ripe fish
Landing the eggs
Fish Hatcheries on the Potomac
Steam Launch

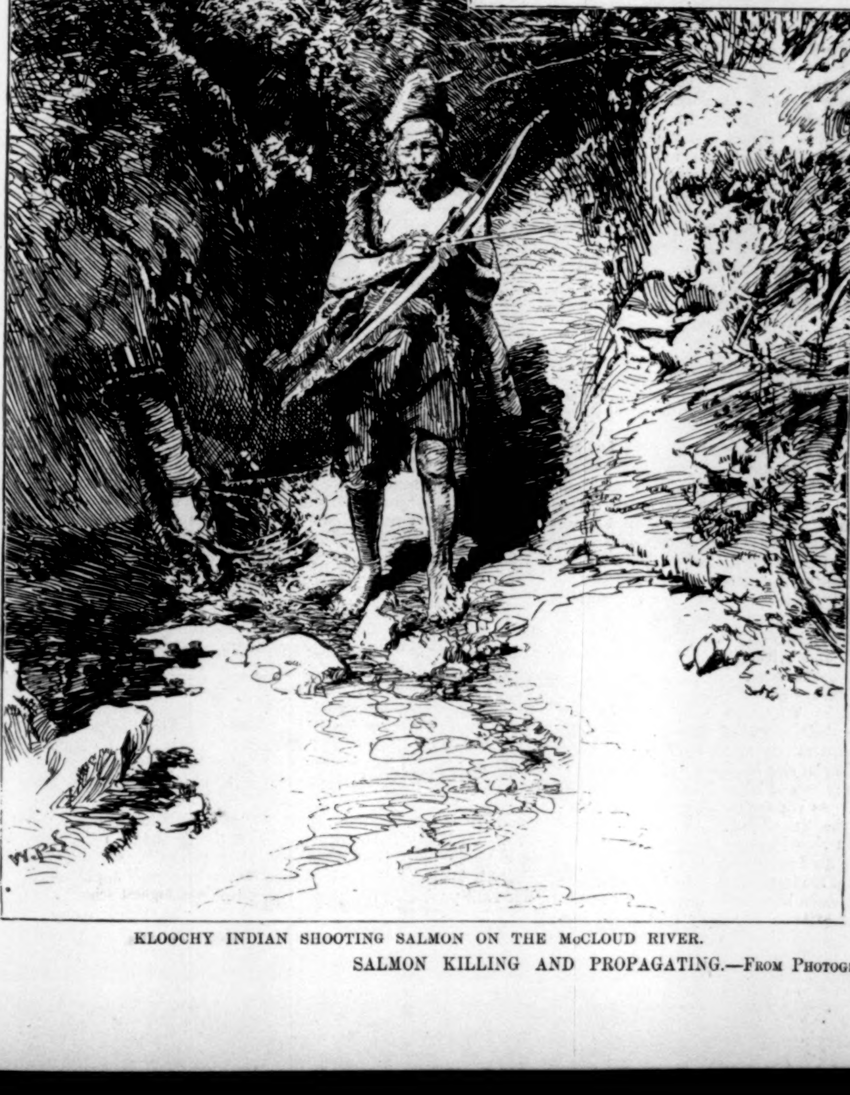
WASHINGTON FISH HATCHERIES.—From Photographs by the United States Fish Commission.



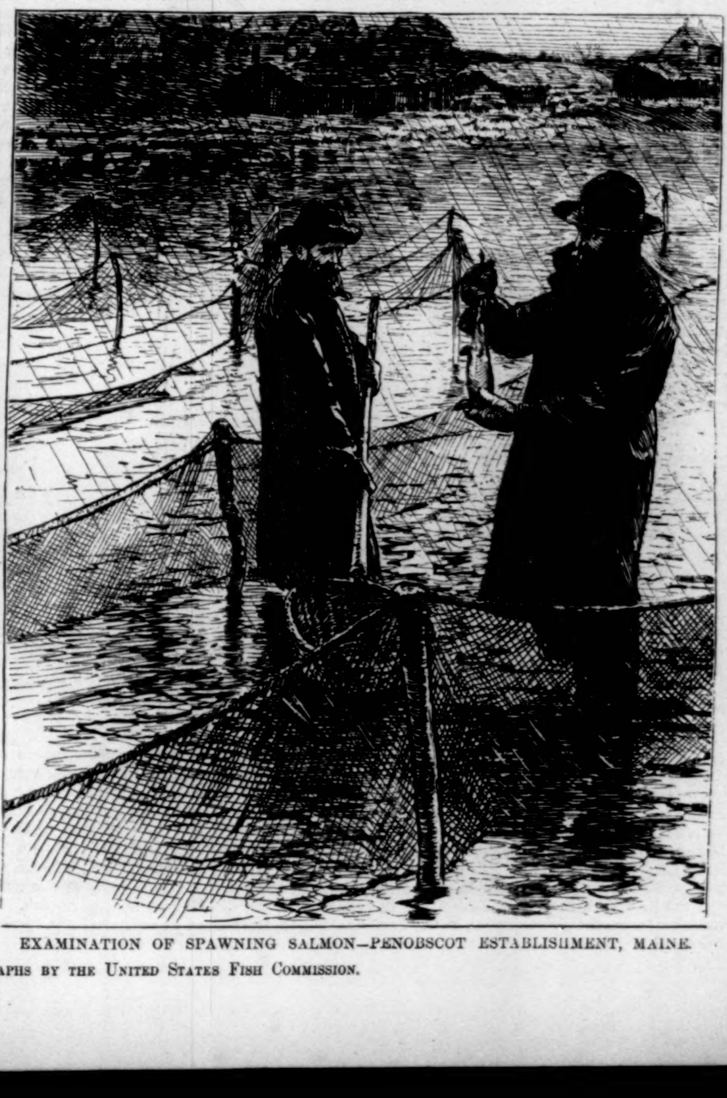
INDIAN SPEARING SALMON ON THE McCLOUD RIVER.



SALMON-BREEDING STATION, McCLOUD RIVER, CALIFORNIA.



KLOOCHY INDIAN SHOOTING SALMON ON THE McCLOUD RIVER.



EXAMINATION OF SPAWNING SALMON—PENOBSCOT ESTABLISHMENT, MAINE.

SALMON KILLING AND PROPAGATING.—From Photographs by the United States Fish Commission.